The RING

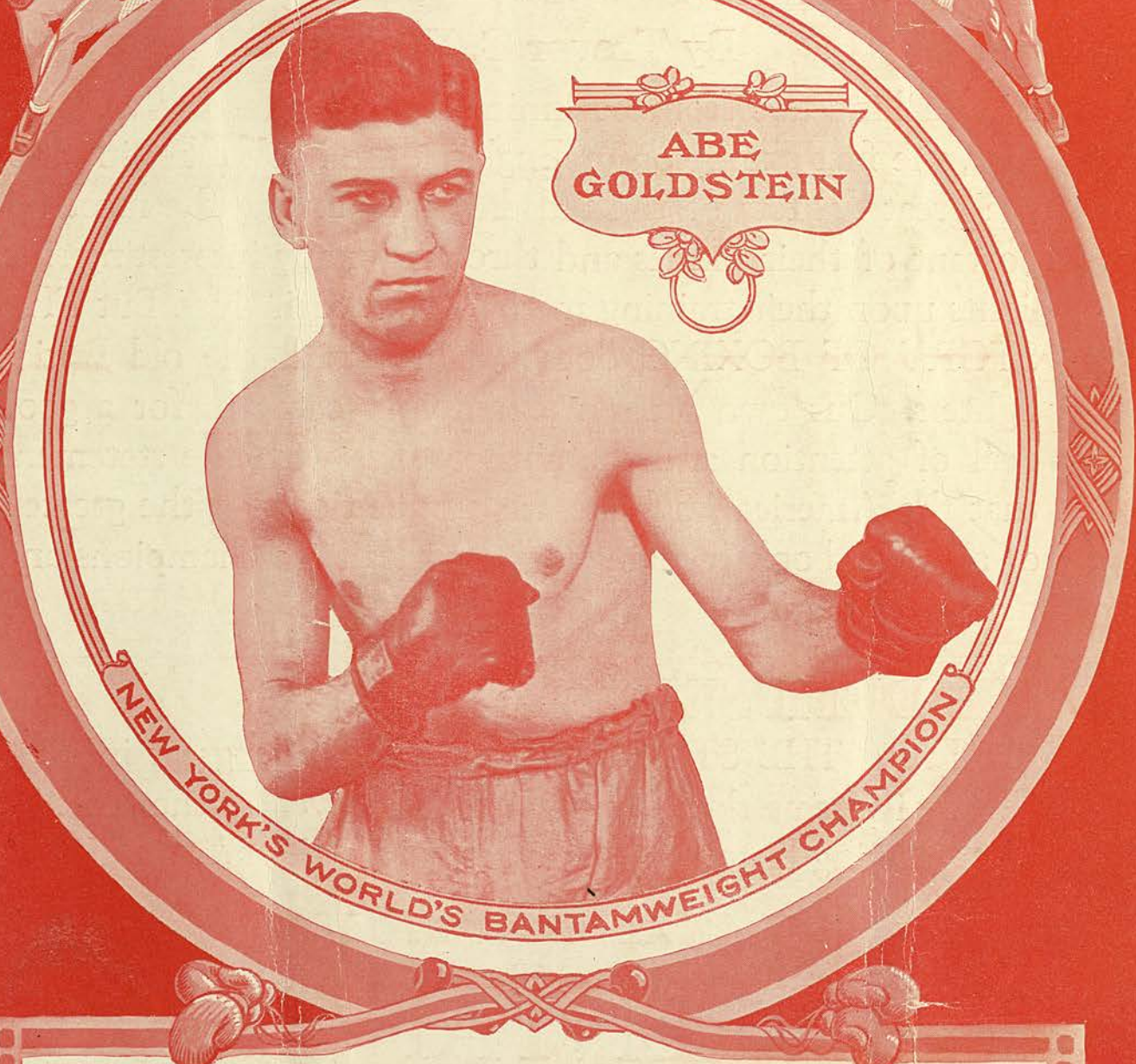

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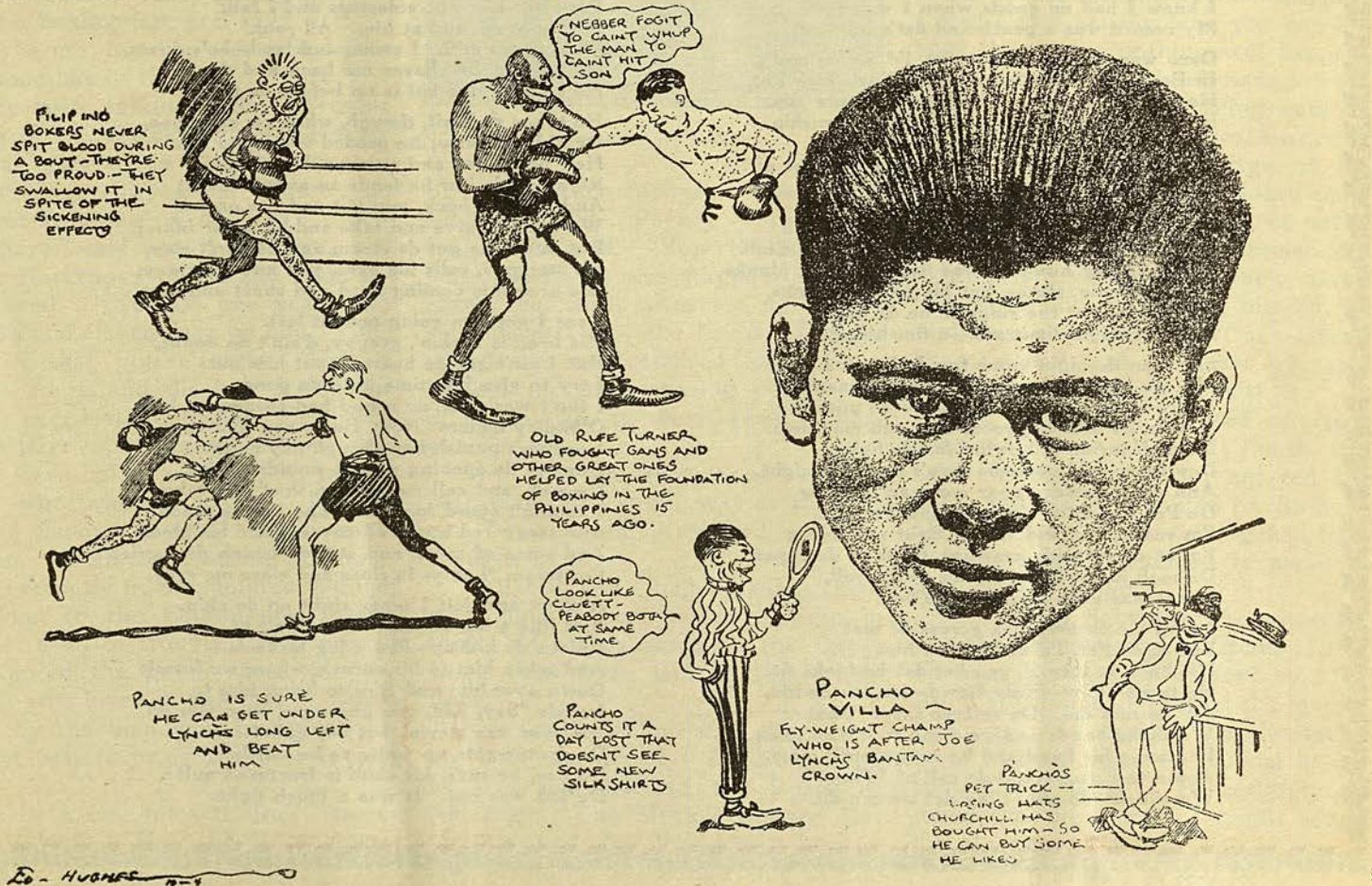
Table of Contents

	Page
The Kid's Last Fight	4
Close-up of Governor Al Smith—By Jack Kofoed	5
The Up and Down—By James K. McGuinness	6
Uncle Sam's Khaki-Clad Gladiators—By Jersey Jones	8
Champion of Champions—By A. D. Phillips	9
Fighting Careers—By Robert Johnston	9
Personality Plus—By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	10
The Champion—Verse—By Walter Trumbull	11
Life of An Apprentice Boxer—By Spike Webb	12
Tad's Tidbits—By Tad Dorgan	13
History of Boxing—By Nat Fleischer	14
Thrilling Moments in Little Bouts—By Jack Skelly	16
The Scotch Wop—Verse—By Ernest Johnson	17
Yer Mother—Verse—By Norman Daly	17
From Orphan to Bantam Champion—By Francis Albertanti	18
As We See It—Editorial—By Nat Fleischer	20
Shadows of the Past—Jack Blackburn—By Vernon Van Ness	22
Hard Work Helped Battling Levinsky—By Ross E. Kaufman	23
Results of Boxing Bouts	24
The Scrappy Kid's Last Fight—By H. C. Van Buskirk	26
Minute Rests Between Rounds—By Eddie Borden	27

"Pancho the Puncho"

By ED HUGHES



Who Will Defend Title in Bout with Frankie Genaro This Summer

The Kid's Last Fight

Printed by Request

Us two was always pals, de kid an' me.
It cut no ice whatever it 'ud be,
And when a big gazabo'd jump on one
We'd both get busy an' we'd hand him some.
We both were of a size, de kid an' me,
An' tipped de scales a hundred thirty-three,
And when we'd spar it was just give and take,
I wouldn't fight him, though, for any stake,
For we was pals. We couldn't read or write,
But I knew him and he knew me all right.
One day a swell gazabo seen us work
Down at de gym—his name was Burke.
He owned a show. Well, he got stuck
Upon de kid, his shiftiness and pluck,

And signed him, took him wid him on de road
Dat very day, and us we never knowed
From den just where he went or what he did.
We t'ought that Burke was managing de kid,
Who changed his name, to what, we never heard.
And trained long wid de best, but not a word
Did I get from de kid. But I kept on
Down at de gym, a-meetin' every one
And soon I got a rep. A knocker-out
Dey called me and I never lost a bout.
O'Malley den took hold o' me
And made me quit de switchin' job, you see.

O'Malley den matched me with Denver Brown,
I jolted him to dreamland in one round;
And Klondike Terror, too, and Grapman Mike,
As game a bunch as what come down de pike.
I threw de hot shot in them and not one
Could stay de limit when I once begun
To mix it up with them, and soon dey saw
Dey couldn't put me out. "A iron jaw,"
De papers said, and on de sportin' sheet
Dey shows me mug. "He'd rather fight than eat,"
Dey sayd, and kept on shootin' dat bull con.
I couldn't make the weight—head weighed a ton,
I knew I had de goods when I was ripe;
My record was a peach and dat's no pipe.

Dere was one good one dat I'd never met
In England. He was called de Yorkshire Pet,
He was my weight and fightin' a fierce clip,
He stood between me and de Champernship.
He was out to fight all comers dere
For purses, side bets—you know dat hot air.
His manager had posted a forfeit
Up for de Pet. O'Malley covered it.
Dat was de kind o' noise dey couldn't snub.
Dey matched us for de National Sportin' Club.
De purse dey hung up was five thousand plunks,
No stage coin, either, but big yellow chunks,
To weigh in at the ringside on de night
De lightweight limit and—a finish fight.

So when de night came for de London fight
My eye and wind was great and I was right.
We're at de club, I weigh in to de pound,
Now in de dressing room they rub me down.
De mob inside is howlin' for de fight;
Dey knew de'd be some doin's dere dat night.
And den a nudder roar come an' I knew
De Pet was in de ring and now I'm due.
I'm ready, too, and full of fight and hopes
I'm at de ringside crawling through de ropes.
De mob inside gives me an awful yell,
For it was even money at de bell.

I take me corner, look across de mat
To see de Pet, I'd never seen him yet.
His back is turned, you bet dat he looks fit.
He turns—now—Holy Gawd—but it's de kid,
An' he sees me. De referee says: "Shake."
We shake hands and we mean it, it's no fake,
I squeeze his hand and he is squeezin' mine.
Again to corners and de call of "Time!"
We clinch—de only t'ing dat we can do.
He whispers:—"Pal, I didn't know it was you."
"Nor me, kid, either; it's a big mistake."
De mob hissed and de referee says:—"Break!"
We break and clinch again, and I said:—
"Quick! You let me lay down, for on de dead,
Kid, I can't hit you." But he whispers, "No,
De bunch has got dere dough
On me and you, we got to fight for fair,
And we can't double cross." De kid was square.
We fiddle till de gong sends us again
To corners, but de crowd is hissin' den
And yellin', "Fake!" Dey paid dere coin for scrap,
And so far neither one has got a tap.
Once more de bell rings for round number two.
De kid shapes up, it ain't no use to chew,
He says. Den we begin.

He lands first uppercut right on de chin;
I'm standing like a dummy in a doze
Until I get a swift jab on de nose,
And dat starts me a-going, too, for fair,
My fightin' blood is up and now I'm dere.
He feints de left, den right hook in de nose.
He draws first blood, while I lands body blows.
Den on de ear my head begins to buzz,
De kid's left's better dan it ever was.
I break de ground, we spar for wind a while,
And den we mix it up. Dat's just my style.
I swing—he ducks—the crowd lets out a yell,
We're slamming hot and juicy at de bell.
De next round I goes at him from de tap;
He's clever now—to land it ain't no snap.

And when I do he counters good and hard.
I gets one in de plexus, too, dat jarred.
Dere ain't no hissin' now, dere ain't no grounds,
We fights with honors even sixteen rounds.
And when de time rings for seventeen
De kid was breathing hard, but I had steam;
And now de kid breaks ground and like a bull
I'm after him—he sidesteps and I fall.
I'm up again and at him. All roun'
De ring we mill. I swing and land—he's down,
De referee, he shoves me back and den
He counts. De kid is up before de ten.

He takes de limit, though, while on one knee,
De kid was wise; he needed wind, you see.
He's up on ten and quicker dan a flash
Right on de jaw he lands an awful smash;
And I fights back, you bet and toe on toe
We mills it, give and take and blow for blow;
But mine has got de steam and he can't stay.
He staggers, rolls his eyes, you know de way.
His breath is coming hard and short and fast.

I see I got him going now at last.
His head is rockin', groggy, d'ain't no doubt,
But I ain't got de heart to put him out.
I try to give him time until de gong,
I tho't was near, de round had seemed so long.
O'Malley hollers "Now, Beau, cop him sure."
I couldn't punish him though any more.
Dey see de opening what I wouldn't take.
De mob, and call me robber, thief and fake.
I couldn't stand for that. The kid he stood
And staggered round all covered wid his blood
And some of mine, and still de bunch dere cries
For more. I steps in close and close me eyes,

A short arm jolt I sends right on de chin.
And like a log he fell—de kid's all in.
I picks de kid up—like a log he feels—
And takes him to his corner, where we kneels
Down over him and tries to bring him to.
I said: "Say, Kid, you know me, sure you do."
His eyes was starin', but dey didn't see.
De doctor gets up white as he can be.
No use, he says, his skull is fractured quite.
De kid was out. It was a finish fight.

A Close-up of Governor Al Smith

By JACK KOFOED

As Told to THE RING Correspondent by Joe Humphries, Life-long Pal of New York State Executive

TALK of your "Stove Leaguers" and your "Cozy Corner" ball players who gather in the long winter evenings to talk baseball and the men who make the game! Then stroll into the dusty, not overly large office in Madison Square Garden—"the" Garden, sporting capital of the world—and bend an ear to the doings of the hard chinned fighting men.

There are tales to stir your heart—tales of high courage and unbelieveable endurance; of speed and skill and the knockout punch. And there are stories of men big in the fistic game, though they never wore the padded gloves; men who carried the burden of it or fought to save its integrity when the wolves were howling destruction on the doorsteps—Tex Rickard, Charley Harvey, Al Smith.

Al Smith, governor of the Empire State; Al Smith, whose name will echo on millions of tongues when the Democratic National Convention meets in that same wide flung Garden; Al Smith, who is just as kindly and square and friendly as when he and Joe Humphries, the silver-toned announcer, roamed their beloved New York sidewalks thirty years ago.

Not a boxing fan, you say?

Maybe not, but the best friend that the game has in New York State.

They were talking about Governor Smith in the Garden office the other day, as they often do, when one of his admirers chirped up, "There's no one got anything on Al."

"I have," said Joe Humphries, who is the Governor's oldest and staunchest friend. "I've got one year, two months and eleven days on him. Outside of that you're right. He's a prince, Al is, and the best friend the people ever had in Albany. He signed the Walker Law because he knew that there were half a million fans in this state who wanted boxing. He approved Sunday baseball for the same reason. When there was all this hula-balloo recently he reappointed William Muldoon to the Commission in the face of a lot of trouble. That proved he wanted the game saved for the people who loved it, and that he would stick by the man who had given his honest best to bring it where it now is."

"Is he a fan, himself, Joe?" someone asked. "Has he seen many bouts?"

"Just three," said Humphries with authority. "Three, and no more. I remember all of them, too."

"Shoot!"

The man who has announced more sporting classics than anyone in the world leaned back in his chair, and lit a cigarette. "The first time Al Smith ever saw a bout was at the

Governor Al Smith

Brighton Beach Airdrome when Mike Gibbons and Packey McFarland fought," he said. "You remember the mob scene that was staged?. All the cheap seat birds swarmed up to the ringside and into the boxes. I knew which one was reserved for Al, and it kept me busy chasing people out of it. Al was in the Assembly then, you know.

"He watched that bout without betraying interest one way or another, and I asked him afterward what he thought of it.

"'I'll tell you, Joe,' he said, 'there was more action in one minute in those old scraps down on the Dover Dock than there was in this whole fight.'

"The next time Al Smith saw a boxing bout was on May 27, 1918, when he was President of the Board of Aldermen. The Motion Picture Exhibitors and the Theatrical League had arranged a boxing bout at the Garden for the benefit of the Red Cross. Charley Harvey and I had charge of arrangements, and we worked like Trojans getting up a big bill.

"A couple of days before the show we heard that Governor Whitman had expressed some doubts as to its legality. The Frawley Law was dead, and there was no law allowing boxing on the statute books. Whitman had never been a friend of the game, and we were afraid that something might be done to stop the show despite the fact that it was entirely a patriotic affair, and that no one but the Red Cross was benefiting by it.

"William Fox was chairman of the committee, and other members were Shean, John Zanft and McBride. There were several worried meetings, and then Charley Harvey said, 'Al Smith is the fellow to see. Joe Humphries is his pal. Why not let Joe see him about it?'

"So, I went to see Al, explained the situation and asked him if he wouldn't be on hand, and make a speech.

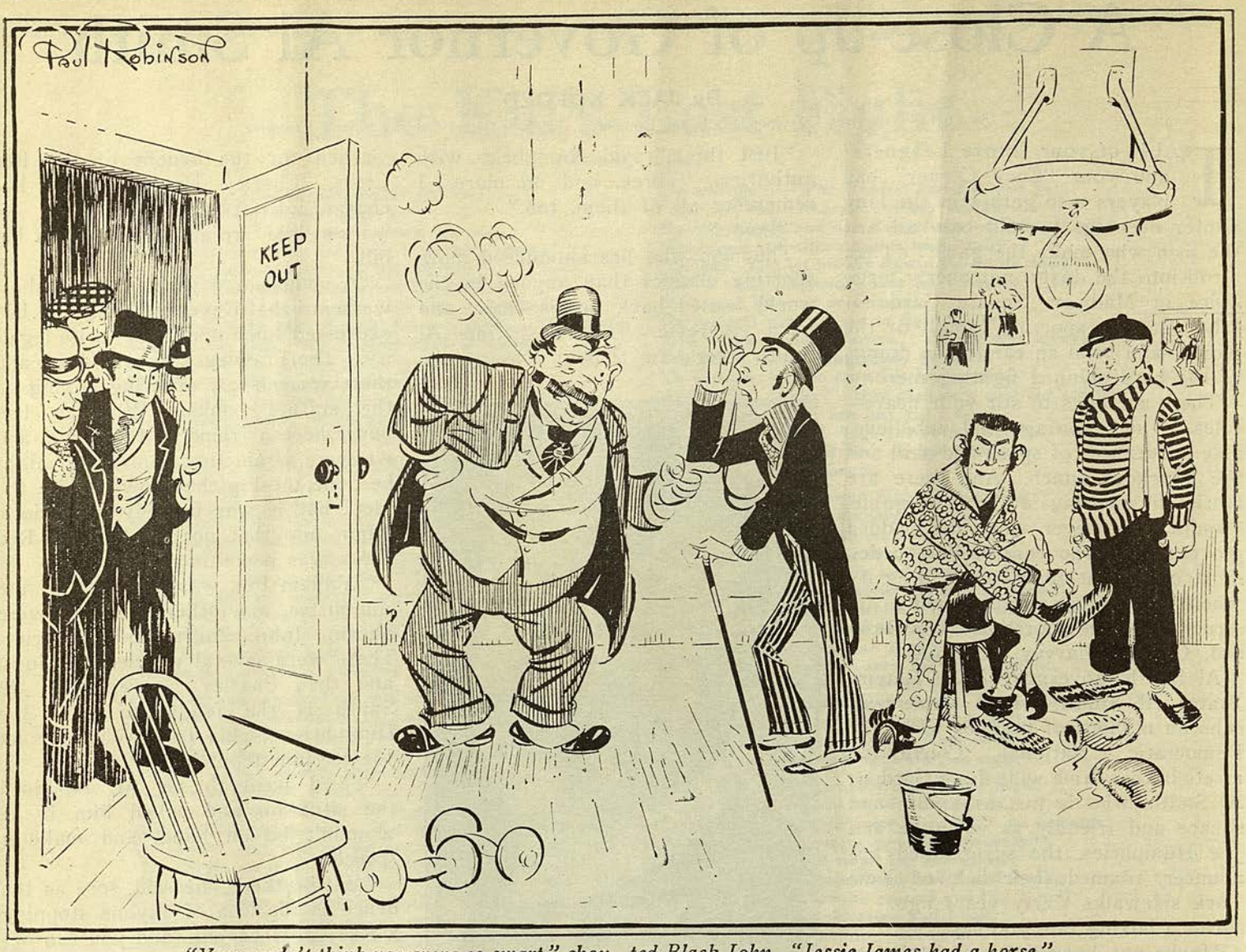
"'I'll be there,' he said, sore as the deuce at the idea of anyone stopping a Red Cross benefit, 'and you can bet your boots that nothing will happen.'

"He was on hand, and made a wonderful speech, and everything went off without a hitch. However, Inspector Boland, who was in charge of the precinct, attended with a dozen plain clothes men and made a lot of notes. He knew that Governor Whitman had expressed himself unfavorably about the show, and, to protect himself, he took his notes to Magistrate Harris the next day, and asked for warrants for everyone connected with it.

"The magistrate refused to issue them. He, as well as Al Smith, had been on hand, and had enjoyed the show and had contributed to the fund. He declared that everything had been orderly, and he declined to assist in any trouble making.

"The third fight that Al witnessed was the Benny Leonard-Ritchie Mitchell bout that was promoted by Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of the famous financier. I carried the invitation from Miss Morgan to Al, and he accepted with delight. He certainly enjoyed that fight, and, I might say, a lot of others did, too."

(*Continued on page 26*)



"You needn't think you were so smart," shou ted Black John. "Jessie James had a horse."

The Up and Down

(Adventures of Waffle-Waffle—Chapter V)

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

NOT all of these boxing chappies are what the silly old Yankees call strictly on the up-and-down, old thing; not at all. A man can be bally well done in by some of the sharpies if he is not the sort who goes around with his weather eye cocked for what's what. But you know the Waffle-Waffles, old fellow. No need to tell you that they are as keen as a razor strop. You jolly well know it.

Of course you recall my silly old Uncle, Sir Tuppence Waffle-Waffle of Bran Muffin. What a rare old bird he was. Sharp as a buzz saw and all that sort of rot. The mater always said I must have had my intellect from him; and the pater was inclined to agree with her.

I never told you of the time he bashed in with some sharpie chappies on a P. & O. liner when he was coming back from India.

The old codger was jolly well taken in by them for a time; bridge at a shilling a point, and all that sort of silly rot. No end of chance for winding up in a bankruptcy court. They had him jolly well glued to his chair in the smoking salon for days at a time. The only occasions on which he left it were when he went to the silly old purser to get a draft on Cox's honored.

But the rare old uncle refused to be eternally done in when he saw what the gambler chappies were up to. He proposed casting dice for high stakes and the silly asses agreed, with the result that they jolly well lost everything they had in the course of an hour's play.

"Gentlemen," Sir Tuppence said gravely when the game was over, "Every man to his own weapons. I have jolly well chosen mine, although I must admit they caused me a great deal of trouble. It cost me the better part of two nights' sleep to get these dice decorated with the exact number of dots I desired. The shoemaker should stick to his last and the card sharper to his aces. Good evening, gentlemen."

I shall never forget the silly old uncle's visit after that occurrence. He was so obviously rolling in coin of the realm that our entire family seriously considered setting out for India, until he told the pater the source of his ill-gotten gains. Rum episode, eh, wot; the sharper sharpened.

Sir Tuppence's experience came back to me when one of those boxing chappies approached me with a pro-

posal that seemed from the first a bit cushy, if you know what I mean, old dear; jolly well a trifle off shade, and all that sort of rot. The name of the johnny was Edward Grabbem, known to his familiars as "Blackjohn Eddie."

"Say, this boy Higgins of yours is doing pretty good by himself, ain't he?" the manager chappie inquired after he had introduced himself to me as the business representative of a fighting johnnie named "Kayo" Defeat.

"I'm jolly well satisfied with his performances," said I, modestly, but with sufficient emphasis to inform him that I knew what was what and all that sort of silly rot. One can't be too careful with some of these manager chappies. They would jolly well steal a blind man's spectacles, as the Yanks quaintly put it.

"Well, I like th' boy an' I want to give him the right steer," this "Blackjohn Eddie" fellow continued.

"Rather not," I informed him. "Fawncy steers and all that sort of silly rot. Silly, what-o? We'll jolly well having nothing to do with steers, or any other form of cattle. I'm no end opposed to going into the cow striking business, even if we are given the proper steer."

The manager johnnie seemed to be astounded by my firm stand and he bally well hastened to apologize.

"Say, boy," he assured me. "The last thing in the world I'd try to do would be to sick you onto any part of the cattle rustling business. That's ancient history. A man's life ain't worth five cents worth of tallow in a prairie fire if he tries that now. That was all right thirty years ago, but it's all in now."

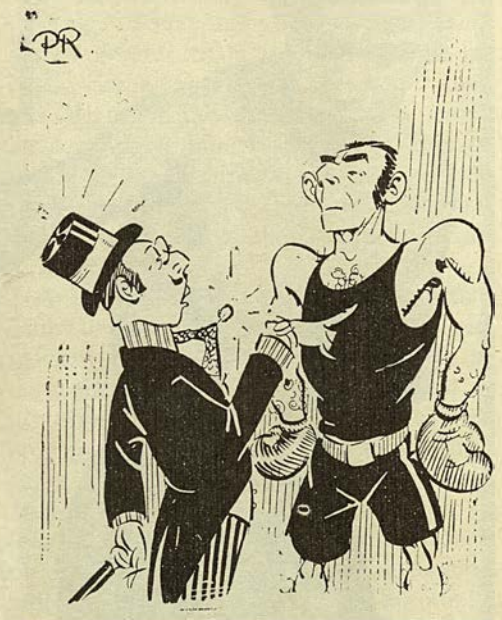
"I'm glad you agree with me," I asserted.

"Leave it to me, kid," he requested. "I'll wise you off to the safe rackets; and I know them. There's nothing in the cattle rustling thing no more. It's pretty near as dead as the gold brick game, although I sorta expect to see that pick up one of these days. They's been time for a new crop to grow up by now."

His reference to gold bricks had me jolly well puzzled, old thing, but I decided not to admit it. I presume, however, that there must have been a brisk trade in such a commodity some years ago, when the wealthier Americans were building their country homes out in the Far West on the banks of the silly old Hudson. The jolly blighters used to go in for show and ostentation a good deal more a few generations back than they do now.

I determined to hide my bally ignorance by changing the subject, which I did with the conversational grace for which the Waffle-Waffles always have been noted.

"What particular form of criminal-



"On the night of the jolly old song and dance in Troy I gave Higgins his instructions."

ity is in your mind just now?" I asked, gently.

"Well, it ain't nothin' criminal at all," said this Blackjohn chappie. "It's strictly on th' level between you an' me. What I want to do is to fix a little trick for your boy and mine up at Troy. You get eighteen hundred fer your bit an' all your boy is got to do is a little song an' dance. That's all. An' they can't never send you to jail fer that."

I nearly burst my jolly old sides laughing at the idea, old thing. Imagine Higgins attempting to sing or dance. Why the clumsy oaf couldn't waltz with a lady elephant without treading on her corns, and as for singing—he couldn't jolly well utter a note to save his immortal soul. I lost no time informing the manager chappie to that effect, I may assure you, but my words had a peculiar effect on him.

"Say, are you stringing me?" he asked.

"Why should I be jolly well twining you?" I countered.

"I dunno," he responded in doubtful tones. "Mebbe I better explain."

Whereupon the fearful old highwayman proceeded to do so. It seemed that what he wanted was for Higgins to engage in a boxing contest with this Kayo Defeat chappie for twelve rounds, with the understanding that neither should bally well bash in the other during the fight. It was to be just a fearfully friendly exhibition, and nothing more.

I thought quickly, old thing, and almost instantly said, "You assure me that there is no danger of our being arrested?"

"Not a danger," he replied.

"When are we to fight?" I asked.

"Two weeks from tonight," he answered, and then he added, "An' you might as well tell your kid not to break his neck training. The boy'll probably appreciate the rest."

"Right-o," quoth I, and hastened away to break the good news to silly old Higgins.

But somehow the thing jolly well kept preying on my silly old mind and in a few days I called Higgins and told him he had better do some training after all. Of course, I didn't suspect the Blackjohn chappie, but an idea was forming in my silly old brain.

On the night of the jolly old song and dance in Troy, I gave Higgins his instructions.

"You rush right out and bash this johnnie," said I. "He won't be jolly well expecting anything of the sort and you can win quickly."

"Hi'll jolly well bash 'is bleeding 'ead in," Higgins assured me; and he did. Beezered the Kayo chappie at the very start. It was all over in less time than it takes to get a quart of Scotch in the silly old States.

When I was back in the dressing room with Higgins, this fearful Blackjohn fellow came breaking in. He was fairly livid with rage. His complexion was purple enough to admit him to the best clubs in dear old London.

"Beat us to it, didn't ya?" he demanded.

"I beg pawdon," said I.

"Oh, don't pull that silly stuff on me," he admonished me. "Ya fooled me onct, but you can't do it all th' time. Someone musta tipped ya an' ya beat us to th' punch."

He moved towards the door.

"You needn't think you were so smart," he said. "Jesse James had a horse."

"Did he, rilly?" I asked. "And did he ride to hounds often?"

"Bah!" exclaimed the Blackjohn fellow, whereupon he banged the silly old door shut, and I saw no more of him. But wasn't that a frightfully foolish piece of information to impart, old thing; that Jesse James had a horse? Why I presume that there are thousands and thousands of Yanks who have horses. It's nothing at all to brag about, rilly.

Uncle Sam's Khaki Clad Gladiators

By "JERSEY" JONES

THE recent pugilistic exploits of Eddie Burnbrook and Bobby Garcia have moved the United States Army right smack into the glare of the fistic spotlight.

Burnbrook, a welterweight, and Garcia, a featherweight, are both stationed at Camp Holabird, Md., on the outskirts of Baltimore.

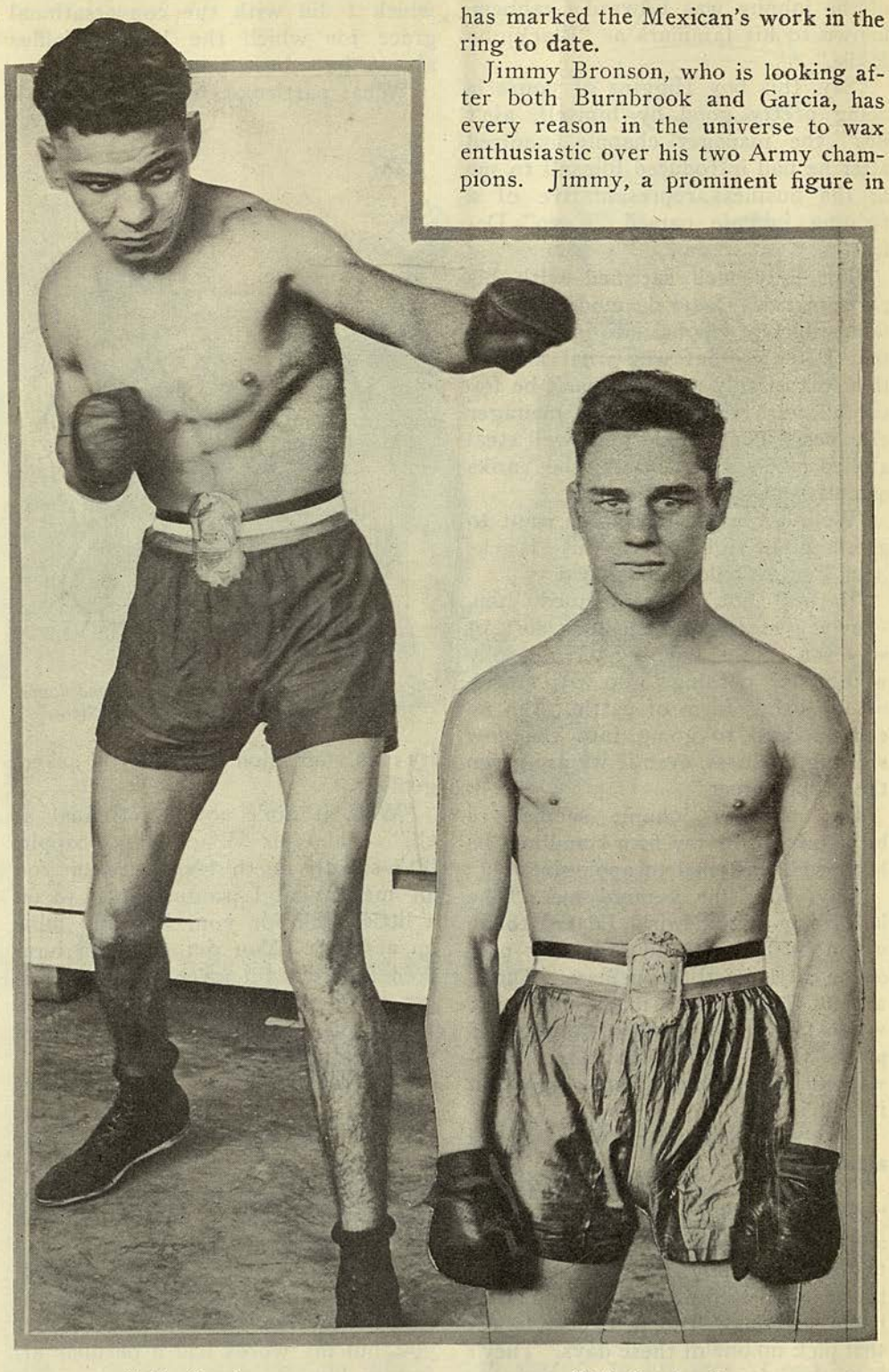
For years beyond memory the Army has been endeavoring to develop a world's boxing champion. Thousands of youths, of all sizes, have been experimented with, but none ever met with the success that was so confidently and hopefully looked for. True, a few managed to reach fairly lofty estates in the fistic realm, but none ever attained the highest pinnacle of all—a world's title.

In Burnbrook and Garcia, the land forces of your Uncle Samuel's mighty minions of war have a pair of real champions in the process of development, and their prospects are indeed mighty promising, to say the least.

Burnbrook, a Pennsylvanian by birth, is a strong, rugged lad, an aggressive, two-handed mixer and a terrific puncher. At this writing, he has participated in fifty-nine fistic engagements, and in no less than forty-six of them he registered knockouts. The most prominent victims of Burnbrook's powerful smashes were Johnny Wolgast, Phil Bloom, Al Norton, Jimmy Kelly and K. O. Loughlin. Eddie also has been awarded decisions over Paul Doyle, Harry Galfund and Jack Perry, while bouts with Barney Adair and Eddie Shevlin were declared draws.

Not so poor for a youngster fighting professionally less than two years!

Garcia is a Mexican Indian by birth, and through his veins flows the vicious fighting blood of the once invincible Azetcs. Bobby, like Burnbrook, has been battling professionally only two years, but, also like Burnbrook, he has flashed to the front in a remarkable manner. In all, he has engaged in something like eighty bouts, winning half of them by knockouts. His best k. o. victims were Frankie Rice, Chick Kansas, Lew Haywood, Romeo Roche, Joe Leonard and Louisiana, while he twice defeated Kid Williams, former world's bantam champion. Garcia also has tangled successfully with the likes of Tommy Noble, Earl Baird, Cuddy DeMarco, Eddie Brady, Frankie Edwards, Jack Hausner and a host of other ranking stars in the featherweight division.



Bobby Garcia *Eddie Burnbrook*

Garcia is a spectacular little fellow in action, ever on the go, always after his man, banging away with both hands. He offers no pretensions of cleverness—a vicious two-handed attack, aided and abetted by terrific hitting ability, constitute Bobby's fistic wares, and the value of those wares is attested by the brilliant success that has marked the Mexican's work in the ring to date.

Jimmy Bronson, who is looking after both Burnbrook and Garcia, has every reason in the universe to wax enthusiastic over his two Army champions. Jimmy, a prominent figure in the fistic world these last thirty years. is one of the most competent judges of fights and fighters in the business, and it requires a mighty unusual ring performer to get him excited, as he is over Burnbrook and Garcia.

"Give these two boys another year's experience," says dapper Jim, "and they'll lick anything in the game at their respective weight.

The Champion of Champions—John L. Sullivan

By A. D. PHILLIPS

YOURS truly," John L. Sullivan." Those words, written at the end of a letter sent to the writer many years ago, truly characterize the "champion of champions"—simple, direct, sincere.

There are those who say that several champions who have won the crown since the Boston Strong Boy was at the helm, were better, but don't spring that on a "Sullivanite."

There may never be a champion who was so loved by fight fans as John L.

Greater ringmen may come, but never another John L. Sullivan—rough, gruff, kindly, taciturn, smiling, roaring, soothing. There was none in his day to match him; none has come since to take his place.

People came to love John L. because he wore his ermine as befitted a king. He was a showman, but a poor business man.

He knew how to make folks love him, but not how to make the dollars stick to him.

In his prime Sullivan was a wonder of the ring. Today many believe that Dempsey is greater than John L. was at his best. Some say Corbett was better than the Mighty Sullivan; that Jeffries could have whipped John L., and that Johnson would have cut him to ribbons. but you can't convince a true Sullivanite of anyone's superiority to the "Invincible Boston Terror."

And there are those who claim that Sullivan would have battered all of our modern champions had he been able to meet them when he was in the prime of his career, and the writer is one of this opinion, and he speaks from experience, as he saw Sullivan in five battles and has seen every champion since in action at least once. Sullivan was a great baseball player, a sprinter, in fact an all around athlete. He loved sports of all kinds, loved entertainment, loved the lowly and loved life. He used to say:

"I have lived life. I have lived it wrong a good deal, but I have lived it. When I die I shall be happy to know that I have lived life, because life has been good to me and it was good to me because I sought it out and made friends with it."

In the closing days of his life, John L. turned to a newer aspect of life. Seeing the mistakes he had made, he sought to help others avoid these same pitfalls. Previously he had lived two distinct lives. In his youth and during the peak of his career he was the Goliath of clean, pure life, strong of muscle, strong of will, clean of limb, clean of mind.

Prosperity, the nemesis of many a genius, crept upon him, downed his will, wrecked his body and led him through a strange life of waste and dissipation, and then saw him emerge in the final transition, a great old man, a wonderful character—THE REAL JOHN L.

And in the final moment, when he was glancing through the shadows into Valhalla, to his multitude of friends he was, simply, "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan."

Fighting Careers Extending Over Long Periods

By ROBERT JOHNSTON

WHEN Jack Britton was forced to pass along his welterweight crown to young Mickey Walker there was a lot of sob stuff spilled about the grand old man of the ring who had been a Queensberry warrior and a good one for all of seventeen years. Some of the critics revelled in word pictures at such a marvellous thing, yet the distance Britton traveled would make him look like a piker alongside of some of his predecessors.

Dick Burge, the English lightweight champion whom Kid Lavigne beat for the world's title, didn't call quits until he had been slinging mitts around for 26 years. Frank Slavin, the heavyweight of a generation ago, was milling around for 22 years and Peter Maher went only a year less before he, like others, were convinced that they were no longer as good as when in their youth.

Right in our own time we hear of Sam Langford still knocking 'em cold, yet Sam has been hitting 'em out for a quarter of a century.

Joe Choynski, John L. Sullivan and George Dixon plied the fistic trade for twenty years. Rough old, tough old Fireman Jim Flynn, stretched his stormy career over 19 years and he still thinks that he has a fight left for some of the new crop. Joe Gans and Kid Lavigne, two of the greatest lightweights of all time, carried on for 18 years.

Peter Jackson, Freddie Welsh and Willie Ritchie were active for fifteen years.

Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey put in a dozen years at the strenuous occupation of "maulies," and Jim Corbett was stepping around for half a dozen more years than that. Bob Fitzsimmons was fighting on and off for a generation and counting his last appearance when he never should have gone into the ring, it must have been at least thirty years since his first battle.

Of the ancient champions Tom Cribb spent only six years in the ring actively, but this was largely due to the fact that he was too good for the men of his time. Dan Mendoza had 18 years to his credit, as did Yankee Sullivan. Jem Mace was 16 years hard at it and Charley Mitchell only a year less.

A fighter hates to admit that he isn't as good as he ever was until some upstart convinces him with a knockout.

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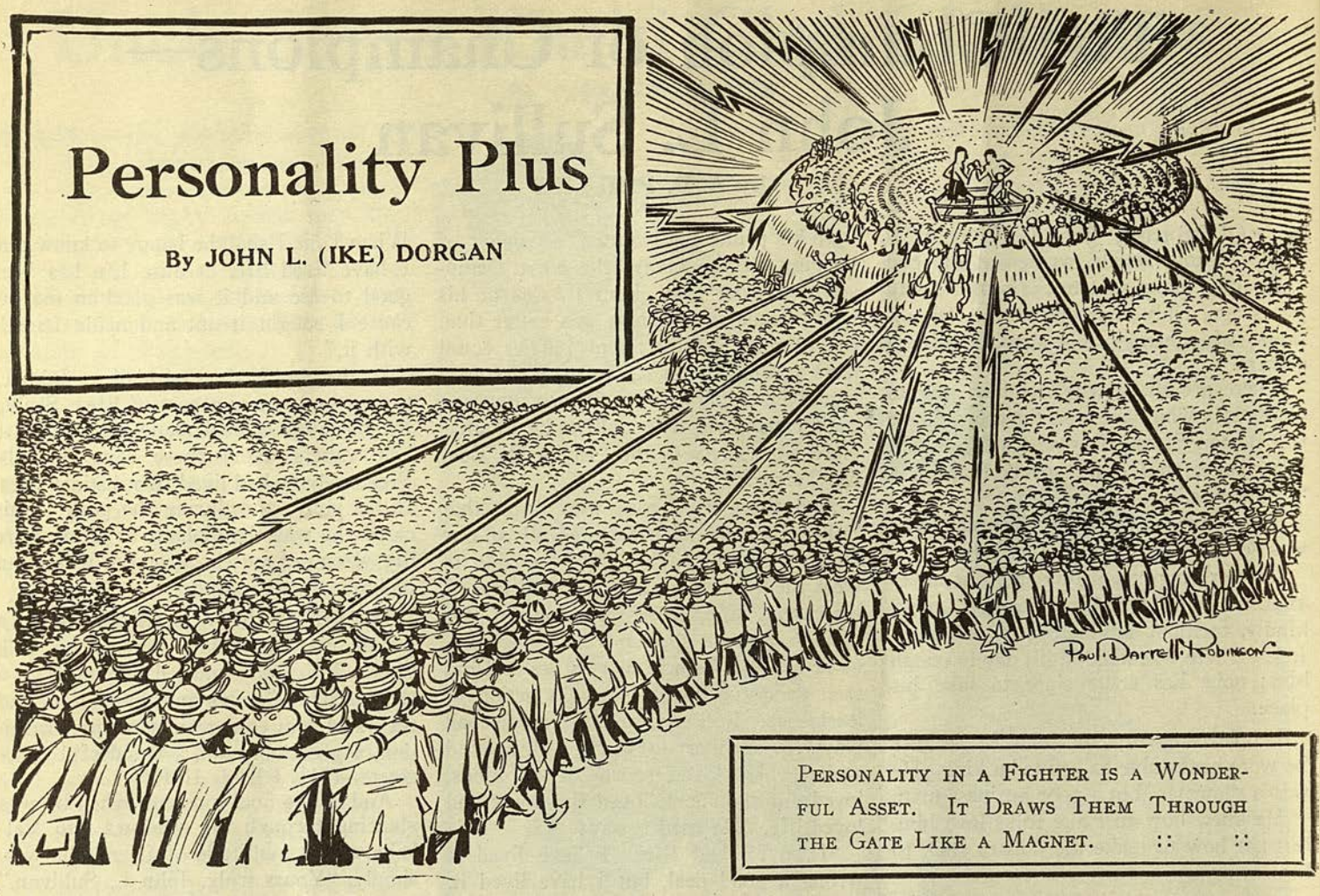
Personality Plus

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN



PERSONALITY IN A FIGHTER IS A WONDERFUL ASSET. IT DRAWS THEM THROUGH THE GATE LIKE A MAGNET. :: ::

IN Clifton Heights, a suburb of Philadelphia, lives a lanky, red-headed young man, with legs not unreminiscent of lamented Bob Fitzsimmons, and a rather peaked, unsmiling face. His name is Bobby Barrett, and before he took to the fighting game he was a caddy master at a nearby country club. He is a quiet, backward boy—not at all an uncommon product of the sort of town in which he was born.

In France is a fighter named Carpentier—a good-looking, smiling, quick-witted man of the world. He is as much at home among premiers and ambassadors as he is among his sparring partners, despite the fact that he was born in the grimy coal-mining town of Lens. "Gorgeous Georges" they call him, the *bon vivant,* the good fellow—and while Bobby Barrett would be restless without a sweater and cap he can wear a dinner-jacket or a morning coat as though those garments of grandeur had been made for him.

Across the channel, in England, lives a burly, hairy-chested man,who looks much more the picture of the fighting man than either Barrett or Carpentier. Huge of muscle, hard of face—an atavism. That is Joe Beckett.

Different in size, nationality, complexion, disposition; alike, on the surface at least, in nothing, these three men yet have something in common—an extraordinary something—an attribute that is more vital to the public man than anything else in the world.

It is what the sporting writer calls "color."

In other words—personality, plus.

Take Bobby Barrett as Exhibit A. A couple of years ago he began rough-housing a lot of preliminary boys, and gained some measure of local fame. He had nothing then but a terrific roundhouse wallop; no skill, no speed, no strategy. He knocked out a clever veteran named Johnny Mealey and followed it up by stopping that clever California lightweight, Hyman Gold.

Then, knowing no more than he did when he was fighting at the little clubs, Bobby was rushed to the top flight. Lew Tendler knocked him out. So did Charley White and Sid Marks and an unknown fighter in the South. Barrett was pitting his punch and his lion heart against the big timers, and it wasn't enough. But he would have flashes of power, and his battles with Joe Tiplitz, Sailor Friedman and the second one with White were classics.

No matter how often he was stopped he fought to packed houses. There was something about Barrett that attracted. He was game and had a punch, but a thousand fighters have had that before him without achieving any particular fame. It was color—personality—that reached out from the ropes and gripped the banks of spectators.

The red-haired Clifton Heights boy could be knocked out tonight, and if he were billed to fight tomorrow the crowd would again jam in to see him. But the funny part of it is that his personality is only in the ring—stage presence, one would call it in an actor, probably. Outside of the ropes you would just get the impression of an awkward, backward and rather sullen kid.

But, gosh! how he can draw the fans!

Carpentier has that color, too, but the Gorgeous one has several big advantages. He was always the darling of the ladies—of the society women who first made the fights in which he appeared a social event. He had the romantic background of a past. He had served in the French Army, and won decorations under the blasting devastation of the big guns.

As a slim youngster he had fought those burly Americans—Jeannette, Klaus, Papke—really fine fighters, all of them. He had wiped Europe clean of competition, but had not been able to sweep the Yankee invasion aside. Look through the Carpentier record, and you'll notice that it is plentifully checkered with the cabalistic sign "k. by"—which every fight fan knows means, "knocked out by."

But defeat has never seemed to impair Georges' drawing power in America,

Tad's Tidbits

By TAD DORGAN

(World-famous cartoonist and sports expert, whose work appears exclusively in the Hearst publications)

THERE has been a great deal written lately regarding the second fight between Fitz and Jeff, during which Jeffries took such an unmerciful licking.

Jeff won the fight in eight rounds, but both eyes were closed and his nose and mouth were bruised fearfully.

The men fought in a big tent at Sixteenth and Mission Streets in San Francisco, July 25, 1902.

Mechanics' Pavilion which was the Madison Square Garden of Frisco, was closed and the promoters had to get the big circus tent for the show. The ring was built hurriedly and everything about the show was rushed.

Jeff was a 10 to 4 favorite and there were very few indeed who expected Fitz to go over six rounds, for the simple reason that Jeff was right at his top form, while Fitz had seen better days.

When the fight started Jeff, to the surprise of all, seemed slow, and Fitz, hopping around like a kid, stabbed him with both right and left, while Jeff missed miserably.

For three rounds Jeff took everything that was aimed at him and his face was swollen out of all proportion. A round or so later both eyes were black and blue and blood oozed from Jeff's nose and mouth. He didn't seem able to get going and took his beating like one who didn't know any better.

By the time the sixth round ended Jeff was a sight. He could just about see the shadow of Fitz before him and he tore around the ring like an enraged bull. Fitz had slowed up himself about this time, and as the slow-moving Jeff rushed, Fitz backed to the ropes to grab his opponent's arms.

In the seventh, feeling that all was gone unless Jeff got close to Fitz, old Billy Delaney, who was in Jeff's corner, told his charge to walk in, regardless of the punches and whale away at Fitz's body.

Jeff followed instructions and jammed the tired Cornishman up against the ropes at every opportunity and then he ripped heartbreaking rights and lefts to the body, sometimes lifting Fitz clean off his feet.

In the eighth Jeff walked right over to Fitz's corner, met his man coming out and thumped him unmercifully about the body.

Jeff couldn't see. He simply felt his way about.

Once after being broken away by the referee he caught Fitz up against the ropes and right above where the writer sat he jammed that awful left of his to old Bob's ribs and the latter went to his knees for the full count. He was dead to the world.

Not once during the eight rounds was Jeffries ever in danger of a K. O. He was bruised and bloody, but never groggy.

After the fight Jeff told the writer that the ring was built in such a flimsy manner that it didn't give him a proper footing. The boards were so thin that when he started to step he sank and he was exactly like a man in the mud.

Jeff was never caught like that again. He tried out every ring to be sure that his 220 pounds would have a footing and allow him to step. He had been taught a lesson and decided in future he would test the ring himself.

Life of An Apprentice Boxer

(Continued from page 12)

box. It is frequently a source of wonderment to the visitor who makes his first inspection of a gymnasium to see a boxer shadow box. Jabbing, hooking and ducking about the ring with no opponent in front of him. But shadow boxing is a very important exercise. It develops quickness of the entire body and good boxing form. This exercise is made as real as possible, the boxer performing with snap and precision all the movements required in actual boxing.

When the novice has thoroughly learned the various moves of the game he is then told to don a pair of gloves. His first bout usually being with the trainer, and he is, after having practiced a few times with the trainer, allowed to put on the gloves with someone his equal and told to "go to it." This is an invaluable experience and gives the trainer an excellent chance to see the pupil performing "under fire."

When sufficiently advanced the novice is allowed to box in several preliminary bouts, usually against other aspirants who are out seeking honors in the fistic world. After some months of this the lad of promise is given a chance to display his wares against more experienced opponents, and it is in this way in which he then shapes that decides whether the trainer thinks he is capable of performing in a star bout.

The boxer's career is not assured even at this point, for though he may be capable enough and his skill in much demand, the lack of not being able to take a punch may cause him to be relegated to the "scrap heap." However, boxing is the art of self-defense and the boxer should be taught first of all to avoid punishment instead of seeing how much he can absorb.

The life of a boxing apprentice consists of a great many hard knocks and hard work, with little prospect of earning the gold of the profession, just as in every walk of life those who hit the "spotlight" are few and far between.

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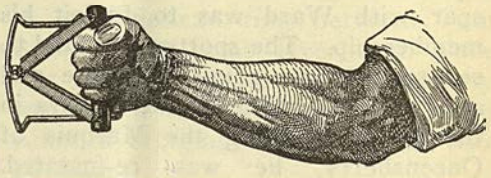

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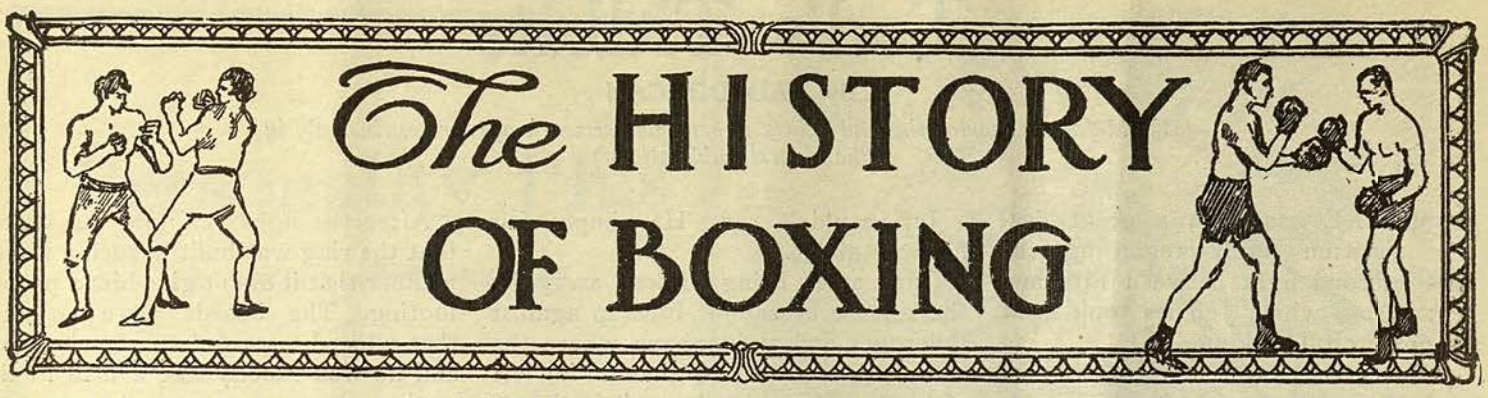

Decline of Pugilism in England—in Clutch of Gamblers—Seeds of Game Sowed in America by Negro Slaves—U. S. Begins to Come to Front with Advent of Jacob Hyer

Chapter XXVII

By NAT FLEISCHER

IT is strange that the history of the ring during the past hundred years should show that just at the moment when the sport was about to reach a high plane, evils began to creep in which caused boxing to decline and get beyond the pale of respectability and honesty. It was the gambling elements a century or three-quarters of a century ago that caused most of the trouble just as has been the case in recent years.

Prize fighting had been considered a sport worthy of the patronage of the best born in England until about 1830 when it began to go down grade rapidly. The decadence of the fistic art was rapid in the cradle of the game and the outstanding mark in this retrogression may be dated to the time of Jem Ward, who was the champion in the '30's. He got into the clutches of the sure thing betting crowd and was twice mixed up in shady deals.

He was expelled from the Fair Play Club, which in its time was something similar to the National Sporting Club. His last offense was the infamous "Leicester Hoax," in which he was alleged to have sold out to Simon Byrne. Any member who would even spar with Ward was to forfeit his membership. The sportsmen hated to see such talent going to waste and after long pleading by the leaders in the game including the Marquis of Queensberry, he was re-instated. What a difference in this case and of Jack Johnson of modern times.

The degeneration and debauchery of the ring may be traced to the time when the "swells" of the day not only refused to furnish backing, but would not attend the contests. A writer of the time puts it thus: "When the patronage of the prize ring had fallen from noblemen, gentlemen, and the admirers of courage and fair play into the hands of keepers of nighthouses, "hells," and even resorts yet more detestable, whose sole object was to fleece the dissipated and unwary by the sale of high priced railway passes for "special excursions" and bring customers to their dens of debauchery and robbery, could it be expected that boxers would remain honest and brave, the encouragement of bravery and skill being as nothing to these debased speculators."

Surely these words ring true and might well have been said at the present time.

Free-for-all fights at the ringside, rioting and browbeating of seconds, the fighters themselves and even the referee as was hinted at in the preceding chapter were the general thing rather than the exception during the period in which Jem Ward, Simon Byrne, Jem Burke, the Deaf 'Un, and a few others were the outstanding figures.

With the increased number of contestants there grew up numerous factions which were bitter enemies of one another and they would resort to almost any means to score a win for their favorites.

Up to the present we have dealt with Boxing in Great Britain. The history of the sport cannot be traced properly without delving deeply into the doings of the English and Irish fistic heroes for it was due to them that boxing was kept alive prior to the year 1840.

England had possessed the greatest fighters up to this time, but Ireland and America began to wake up. For more than fifteen years before we hear of the ring game in the United States, the Celts had some mighty good championship timber, such as Dan Donnelly and John Langan. Ireland did not enjoy any too much freedom at the time and naturally the growth of the sport was slow there. Once it got a foothold it flourished and the Irish boxers have been thorns in the sides of the English ever since.

Boxing in America, as a matter of record, did not start until 1812 or nearly 100 years after Jim Figg. It was then that Jacob Hyer was acknowledged to be the American "Father of the Ring."

Some question may be raised as to the accuracy of this statement because there was prize fighting further back than this in the States, but the bouts were not really recognized Prize Ring set-tos. The origin of pugilism in this country may really be traced back to the negro slaves. The wealthy young planters used to travel around with young black huskies which they kept as body guards and often for their amusement they would have the negroes fight it out.

Algernon Molyneux, a wealthy young Virginian of the beginning of the nineteenth century, was one of these young sporting bucks. When he was half seas over he got into an argument over the merits of a brawny young slave, Tom, and Abe, another slave owned by a rich young rival named Peyton. A match was made and when Molyneux came to his senses he discovered that he stood to lose fully $100,000 if Tom were beaten.

This made Molyneux think some. There happened to be a third-rate British pug, a sailor from Bristol, in Richmond at the time, and he was engaged to train Tom. The sailor said he could not arouse a fighting spirit in the negro and suggested that his owner promise him $100 and his freedom if he won. This had the desired effect and Tom was free. This all happened in 1803-4. Tom adopted the name of his former owner and came to New York where he lived for about five years and engaged in several fights before he went to England where he engaged in many a hard battle. He called himself the champion of America. As far as one can find out from any records he had a perfect right to do so.

Bill Richmond, another negro, who was better known in England, held sway with Molyneux in what little there was of fistics in America before the coming of Deaf Burke. Neither could be actually termed champion of the United States because there was no organized boxing association here like the London Prize Ring, which put up belts emblematic of the official title. When they were in their prime the game was practically unheard of over here and all their real battles were fought on British soil.

The accounts of their battles in England were brought over here by sailors and had no little influence on the rise of the sport to popularity. Soon we read of barroom brawls, street corner fights and battles on the docks in which the rivals "stripped to the waist and with bare knuckles engaged in combat to see which was the better man." It was not long, however, before some order began to come out of chaos.

The first ring battle in this country in which some attempt was made to abide by a set of rules was that between Jacob Hyer and Tom Beasley. They were brawny, powerful specimens of manhood, but neither had ever received any instruction even in the rudiments of the Prize Ring art. This was fought in 1816 and resolved itself in a rough and tumble battle. Hyer broke both arms and when he found it impossible to continue, his friends rushed in, broke the ring down and stopped the fighting. The bout was called a draw.

The affair aroused a storm of comment in the press of the day. It received as much publicity as any national topic. Most of the comment was of an adverse nature. One writer called it "the brutal battle in which the contestants who called themselves

Jack Johnson and Joe Choynski as they looked when released from Galveston jail after being arrested on the order of Governor Sayers for engaging in a prize fight. Johnson was knocked out in the third round

men, mauled each other and grappled until their friends interceded.

This, the first recognized bout on American soil, is of too great importance in the history of the ring to be passed off without further details. Hence we shall devote considerable more space in a subsequent article. How closely in America and England was now becoming linked it is sufficient to say that it was only five years later, in 1821, when the first big international contest between a Briton and an American was fought on the soil of the United States. Jim Sanford, American and Ned Hammond, English, were the contenders and they fought at Belleville, N. J., a site not so far from the famous "fight of the century," between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

Up to the time of the Tom Hyer-Yankee Sullivan fight in 1841, the followers of pugilism in this country amounted to a mere handful. Mention of these is necessary in order better to understand the growth of the sport here and how America finally forged to the front along about 1880 and from that time on has ever been in the foremost rank.

Now the panorama of fistics begins to unfold rapidly. No longer is pugilism an insular possession. The first links in the chain which today engirdle the world were forged. The great international battle between Heenan and Sayers is soon to be a matter of ring history. The marvelous Jem Mace with his new school of boxing is about to leave his impression on the manly art. But above all as far as we are concerned in the United States, comes the era of fistics in America in which the prestige of the British was to be snatched away never to return within our time.

The reason why America was nearly one hundred years behind Great Britain in boxing lies in the fact that the country was in its struggling infancy. In the days from Jim Figg in 1719 until our first recorded battle in 1816 the colonies and then the newly born United States had other battles to think about. The men of those days on this side of the Atlantic were too busy fighting the soil for sustenance, the Indians for their lives, and eventually the British army for independence.

There were more serious things to think about in that period of the history of this country. It is significant to note that the first recorded battle in an American ring between Tom Beasley and Jacob Hyer took place less than two years after the treaty was signed between Great Britain and America bringing to an end the War of 1812.

Thrilling Moments in Little Bouts

By JACK SKELLY

LEACH CROSS, now a millionaire real estate operator in Los Angeles, once said: "I will never forget the night I knocked out Battling Hurley in one minute and five seconds. He had fought them all, and no one had even knocked him down. Old dad and mother were standing in a dark doorway across from the club when I landed my right hand on the Passaic fury's jaw, and sent him to the floor for the long count.

"My folks would never watch me fight, and on the nights when I was in the ring they would huddle together outside, waiting for the signal that would tell them how I had fared. There they were, hand in hand in that doorway, and Battling Hurley was on the floor—out!

"When they screamed out of the window, 'Leachy wins!' the old man nearly collapsed. He couldn't believe that I had won so quickly, and thought they were deceiving him. He feared Hurley more than I did."

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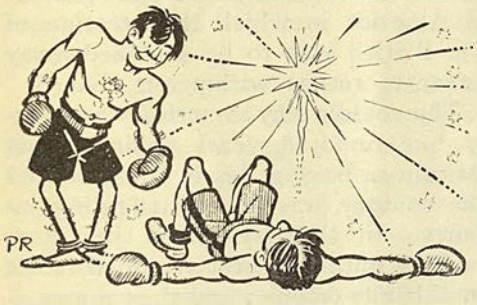

When Chaney Met Hanlon

ONE of the most dazzling battles ever offered for the delectation of Philadelphia fans was one between Knockout George Chaney and Jimmy Hanlon, "the Denver Cave Man." Chaney had been regarded for years as the most terrific puncher of his inches in the land, and Hanlon's teakwood jaw and steel ribs had caused him to be dubbed "the second Battling Nelson."

Hanlon had no defense. He simply waded into an opponent and fought like a wildcat. Time and again Chaney landed his pulverizing left hand flush on the button. At the end of every one of the eight rounds Jimmy was hanging helplessly on the ropes while the knockout king whaled away with both fists, seeking vainly to put him away.

In the fifth round, While Hanlon was staggering about the ring, he smashed his own haymaker to George's jaw. Both men were practically out on their feet. Their eyes were glazed, their knees trembling, but they leaned head to head, battering away while the crowd stood on the seats and howled their appreciation of the fighters' courage and endurance.

Chaney finally backed Hanlon away and knocked him against the ropes. The Colorado Italian was still weak and dizzy, but, though Chaney hit him four times—four terrific wallops before the bell sounded—he was unable to even drop him to the floor for an instant.

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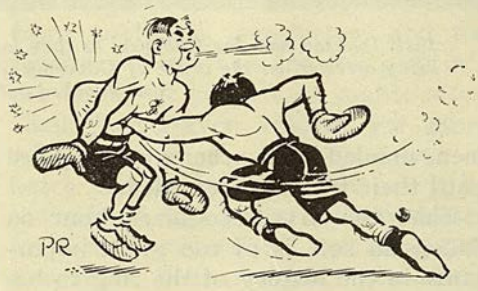

When Burke Showed Gameness

THE last round of the six-round fight between Billy Papke and Sailor Burke at the National A. C., New York, was one of the most savage and one-sided ever seen in any ring.

Papke, a great two-handed fighter, used a crucifying left to the stomach and ribs and an electrifying right to the jaw that shook the deep sea man from truck to keelson. For five rounds the Illinois Thunderbolt showered Burke with every punch in his repertoire without being able to stop him.

With his reputation as a knocker-out at stake, Billy tore into the Sailor with everything he had in that final round, and punished him with a tiger-like ferocity that has never been surpassed at any time or place.

Burke reeled from pillar to post, trying to cover his tortured ribs and his battered jaw at the same time. There was no use in fighting back. All he wanted to do was last the limit, and by a wonderful display of gameness and endurance he succeeded.

When the fight was over both eyes were closed almost tight, his cheeks were seamed with deep gashes, his nose was split, his lips cut and bleeding, his ribs and stomach raw and red.

But he did last!

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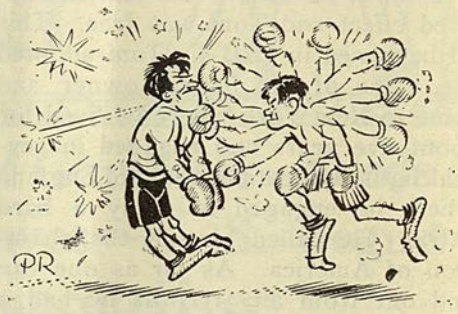

Million Thrills in This Bout

THE third round of the Packey McFarland-Leach Cross bout at the old Fairmont A. C., years ago, brought a million thrills to the spectators and nearly caused heart failure to the East Side backers of the dentist-fighter, who had backed Cross with all the money at their command.

Packey had all the better of the first two rounds. In the third he clipped Leach with a short right-hander, and the New York boy went to the floor. He came up, his eyes rolling, and tried to stall his way into a clinch. But McFarland kept him off, and dropped him with another stiff jolt.

Cross took the count of nine, then came to his feet, and this time managed to get inside, and lasted out that bruising round.

Through it all Leachey's backers were howling and shrieking for their man to stay the limit. They had believed him unbeatable, and the ease with which the stockyards boy trimmed him was an astounding blow to them and their pocketbooks.

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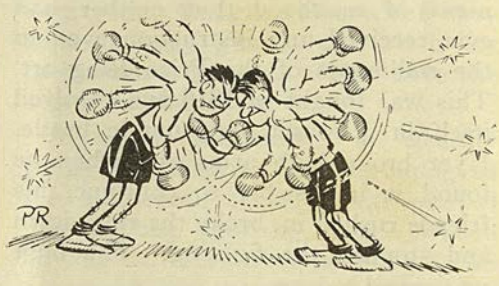


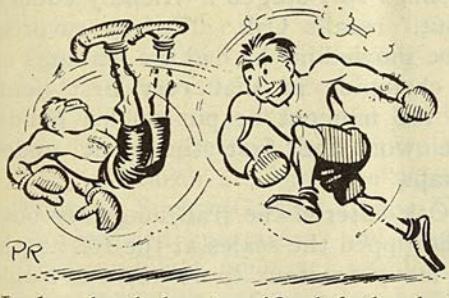
A Toe-to-Toe Smashup

THE second round of the fight between Battling Hurley, once the pride of Passaic, and Charley Griffin, lightweight champion

of Australia, at the Bedford A. C., is worthy of a place in the book.

In the opening round the little fighters started at a pace that seemed impossible for human beings to continue very long. Toe to toe they smashed away, and then the Battler rushed his opponent to the ropes, where Griffin's cleverness enabled him to ward off the worst of the assault.

The second round was the Wow.



Hurley landed a terrific left hook to the stomach that dropped Griffin to his knees. Without waiting to take the count, Charley came to his feet, and staggered the Battler with a terrific right swing.

Neither of those punches took the pepper out of the boys, and they fought like demons all through the round, with Hurley's awful assaults on the body giving him the better of one of the most exciting cantos ever seen in any ring.

When the round was over the Passaic lad's nose was dripping carmine and the Australian's stomach bore a battered band of crimson.

* * *

Young Otto's Feats

WHILE speaking of Paul Berlenbach, George Chaney and other knockout kings, a certain New York lightweight named Young Otto, who flourished some dozen or fifteen years ago, should not be forgotten. Otto scored twenty straight knockouts at one period of his career.

His twentieth victim was the Montana Kid, who was stopped in the first round at Jeffries' Arena in Los Angeles.

There was only one real punch in this bout, but that was worth framing. The New Yorker chased Montana around the ring a couple of times, seeking an opening for his famed punch. Finally he backed the Kid into his own corner, feinted with his left, and shot out his right with deadly execution.

It caught the Kid exactly at the point where the beard begins to turn the other way. He hit the ropes with

his back, ricochetted to the floor, and rolled completely out of the ring on the heads of the newspaper men.

They worked on the Montana Kid for ten minutes before bringing him to consciousness.

Pugilistic Verse

The Scotch Wop

By Ernest Johnston

You may speak of ring heroes both pres- and past,
Of boys who have thrilled you and held you aghast
At their clever technique and the heft of their blow
As they struggled to give you a run for your dough.

* * *

Of John L., the Old Trojan, whom none can forget,
Of Corbett, the Master—there was no better bet;
Of Fitzsimmons, the Great, with his sledge-hammer poke,
And of Jeffries! bing! bang! Could he sock? What a joke!

* * *

Of Dempsey, of Ketchell, of Big Parlez-vous,
And of Josephus Gans, who could split 'em in two
When he parked that old left to the body or chin
Or hammered the ribs with his right, comin' in.

* * *

Of Nelson, the Slugger, who stopped every sock
With the point of his chin or the side of his block,
On whom many opponents their hands and hearts broke,
For that little, old Dane was a very tough bloke.

"My Hardest Fight"

A new series of articles written by the champion of each division. Can you guess the name of the boxer who gave Benny Leonard his greatest battle? No, it was not Ritchie Mitchell.

Get the next issue of THE RING and read Leonard's thrilling tale.

And of others whose names are inscribed in the Hall
Where the night of oblivion never shall fall
To obscure the lore of the fighting men
Who once struggled to give you a run for your yen.

* * *

You may speak of ring heroes who fight till they drop
But do not, on your life, forget the Scotch Wop,
The little Italian, the dad of 'em all,
Who runs on, like the brook, and who never will stall.

* * *

Just grab the old record book down from the shelf
And look at his record—what speaks for itself,
And all who will read it cannot fail to see
That the King of 'em all is Champ—Johnny Dundee.

"Yer Mother"

By Norman Daly

She'll never razz yuh, whatever yuh do.
If yuh hadn't a jit, she'd see yuh thru'.
Were yuh flat on de canvas, she'd kneel by yer side
An' pet yuh an' kiss yuh and call yuh her "pride."
She'll stick to yuh, Buddy, tho' yuh lose ev'ry fight
So de least yuh can do is to treat her dead right.

All others will quit yuh an' laff at yer fall,
But yer mother will always come at yer call.
Makes no dif' if yer kayo'd—pull a draw—or yuh win,
She'll stick to yuh, Buddy, thru' thick an' thru' thin.
An' altho' the expoits will dub yuh a tramp,
Yer little gray mother will think yer a champ.

So long as she lives yer sure of a friend
On whom at all times yuh can safely depend.
Yuh may hoit her by sinnin', an' hoit her by shame,
If yuh fail to be true, she will love yuh th' same.
So remember, me buddy, as yuh stand in life's test
Dat yuh owe to yer mother yer finest an' best.

Dedicated to
MOTHERS
a
Mothers' Day Tribute.

From Orphan to Bantam Champion

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

HORATIO ALGER'S heroes of fiction have nothing on the meteoric rise of Abe Goldstein, New York's east side lad, who, today, has the distinction of being the first and only Hebrew to hold the world's bantamweight crown. There is more color around Abe's early struggles than the famous tale Alger depicted about the bootblack who became mayor.

"From an orphan to boxing stardom," is an appropriate title for the champion's life history.

What journalism lost when Goldstein decided to cut short his career as a reporter, pugilism gained in his anxiety to don the gloves. Abe served his apprenticeship on a Bronx paper, beginning as a copy chaser at $3 a week and working his way to the sporting department in which capacity he received several assignments to "cover" bouts.

Little did the 15-year-old youngster dream, as he saw the future greats battle for supremacy, that some day he would be inside the 24-foot space matching wits and trading punches. He was too busy to give it a thought for he had to step along rapidly to keep pace with the news.

They say Abie turned in some good copy. The Frawley Law was in existence in New York State when the recent conqueror of Joe Lynch was trying to climb the top rung of the reportorial profession. The law prohibited the rendition of decisions. The newspapers as a general rule decided who was the best man. Goldstein picked the winners for his readers. He was as cool and calculating in this mode of endeavor as he has turned out to be with his fists.

"Those were the happy days," soliloquized Goldstein, in recounting the actual start of his business career. "I had a great time in the newspaper business. It was a merry chase from morning until night. You had to get your copy in first or the boss would take you to task. It was great fun—I should say a bit tough in parts—to hurry your dinner and get to a club in time to see the first fight. They used to put on as many as ten a night, and I had to sit through them all.

"I used to wonder," he continued, "as I'd gaze through a veritable smoke screen how those fellows could punch one another all over the place and finish as fresh as a daisy. It never occurred to me that they trained long and hard to be in the best physical condition. I didn't have the slightest idea that some day I might be sitting in a corner of a roped arena with a bunch of fellows advising me what to do, and then squaring off against another man.

"My early training in the newspaper game has done me a world of good. I learned how to meet big men and converse intelligently with them. I received a far better education than if I went through college. I shall never forget that early experience of mine."

Goldstein first saw the light of day twenty-five years ago in a ramshackle tenement on Broome Street near the Bowery. His mother died on his third birthday. The father had become an invalid. A sister and brother worked hard to keep the wolf from the door.

About this time it was decided to put the baby in the care of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society on 151st Street. A few years later the father breathed his last. For ten years Abe remained in the orphan asylum. He was studious.

When he was returned to his sister at the age of thirteen, Abe decided to take up a business career. He obtained a position as a runner down in Wall Street. In the evenings he attended P. S. No. 46, where he took up an extension course. From Wall Street he drifted into the newspaper field. In the meantime he became a member of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, on 92nd Street, so that he could exercise and continue his library studies.

Benny Leonard fell through the skylight of the old Fairmont Club, a million dollar drop, to get a chance to show his early wizardry; Goldstein got his first taste for boxing sitting at the ringside of Billy Gibson's transformed stable arrangement. He was reporting the show when it dawned on him to "take a crack at the thing." Seated at his side was Nat Osk, athletic director of the Y. M. H. A. Nat, who has grown old as conditioner of embyro champions in athletic endeavors, had taken a great personal liking to the youngster and wouldn't for the world have anyone touch a hair on his head.

"Abe, that's no game for you," advised Osk. "Go to work and perish the fight thought."

Goldstein would have none of it. Osk thought up the bright idea of having one of the strong boys in the club give Abe a thrashing and make him hang up the gloves.

"I didn't want to hurt the kid's feelings so I staged a 'friendly enemy' bout," recalls Osk. "To my surprise Abe showed me he had the makings of a champion in that very first bout, or the moment he put up his hands. He won the first time out under wraps."

Osk entered the frail, ungainly boy, who tipped the scales at the 108 notch, in many amateur tournaments. Goldstein became the sensation of the Y. M. H. A. He triumphed in two score bouts, adding the flyweight championship to his record of achievements.

Goldstein also had visions of becoming a champion runner. At nights he would go on the roads reeling off five to ten miles and pulling up without a hard breath.

Goldstein is fond of his sister. His earnings he turned over to her for safekeeping. Then the world war broke out. Fighting was his middle name. He tried to enlist in the regular army but they wouldn't have him because he didn't come up to the various weight and height requirements. So he did the next best thing and joined the Merchant Marine.

"Another wonderful experience for me," Goldstein recounts with pride and joy. "I got a chance to see the world in between fighting submarines. The boys on shipboard nicknamed me 'Murphy.' Many were the impromptu battles we had, and I came out of them all unscathed. That training helped to make a perfect physical specimen of me. That mode of living was just pie, and I revelled in it.

"Coming back I got stranded at New Orleans, but I managed to get back to New York by easy stages, working at odd jobs on vessels to pay my fare, as it were."

Goldstein turned his back to business when the armistice was signed, and he looked in vain for a manager. Like Luis Firpo and some other noteworthy cases, no one cared to handle the little fellow. He hadn't shown anything and it wasn't worth the trouble. Then he ran across Willie Lewis, a great welterweight boxer in his day, and Willie consented to manage him. They struck up a wonderful team, real pals.

Lewis saw him box a few rounds in the gym. Abe was crude but he could punch. So Willie took him in hand. The first thing he taught him was how to use the one-two, a punch he made famous in his historic battles with Sailor Burke and Honey Mellody.

Abe's sister, who is Mrs. Stella Barnett, remonstrated with him, and pleaded he continue his newspaper work.

"Sister, believe me when I tell you this, I'm going to be a champion or bust," Goldstein declared.

Mrs. Barnett saw her kid brother's words come true on the eventful evening of March 21, when she sat in at Madison Square Garden among 13,000 dumfounded spectators, and watched him annihilate what remained of the once invincible form of Joe Lynch.

In his first professional starts Goldstein whipped Terry Miller, Jack Eilie, Paddy Owens, Billy Fitzsimmons, Willie Spencer, Young Montreal, Patsy Wallace, Earl Puryear, Patsy Johnson, Frankie Daly and Harry London.

In 1920 Lynch blasted Goldstein's hopes for the title by knocking him out in eleven rounds. Abe was just coming along then, and he was under a handicap, substituting for Jack Sharkey at the last minute.

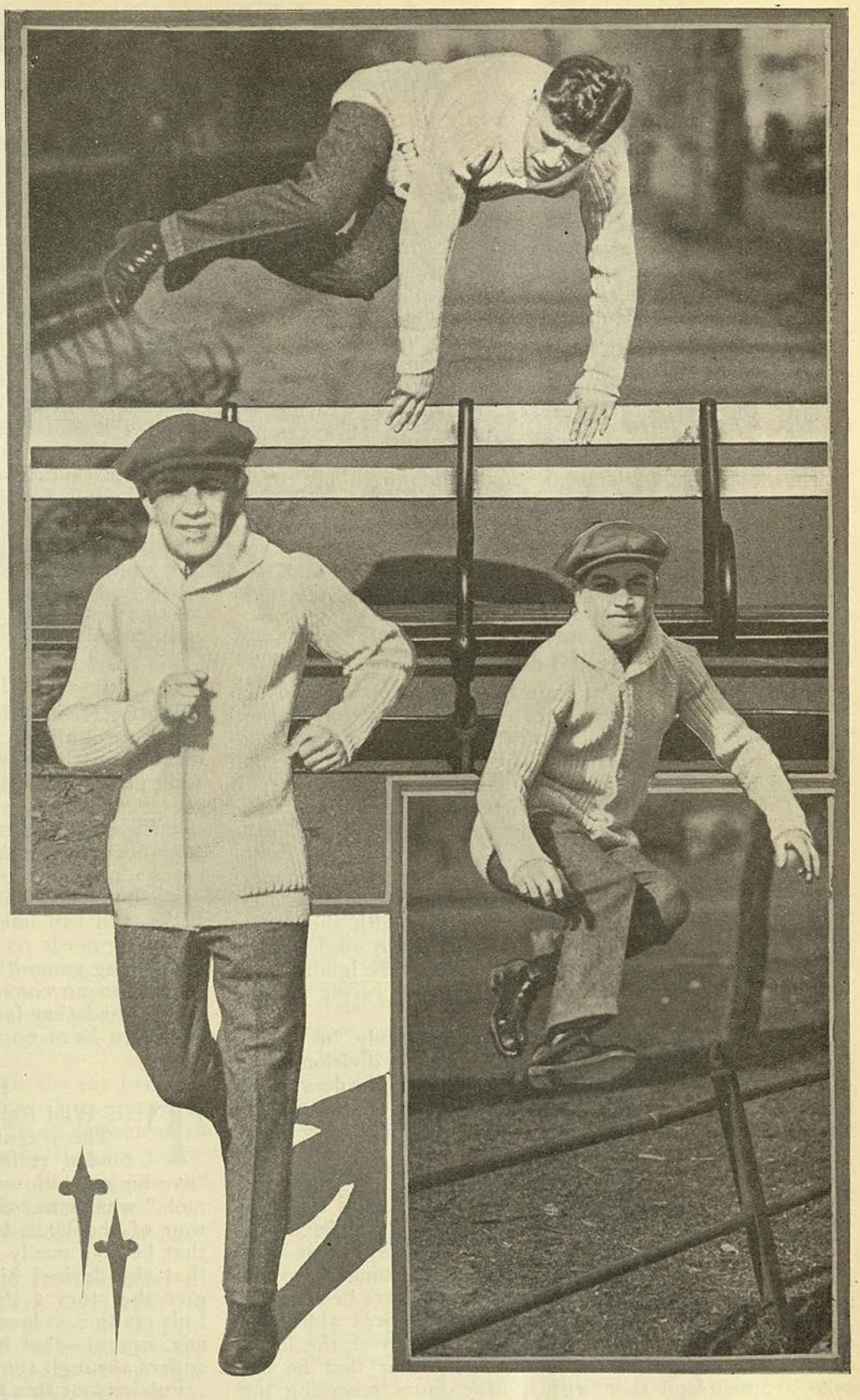
The first setback he received was at the hands of the veteran Johnny Buff, at the Manhattan Casino, back in 1921. In the opening stanza Goldie boxed rings around Johnny. After the first half minute of the second both picked up a package of TNT off the floor and let fly. Buff's right hand beat Abe's blow by the proverbial eyelash and the punch felled Goldstein as if he had been shot.

"I'm not discouraged; he's still there," Lewis answered his critics.

When Pancho Villa, the almond-eyed Filipino, made his American debut, Goldstein punched him full of holes.

It was not until last year, however, that Goldstein began to show titular form. He beat Frankie Daly again, knocked out Frankie Coster, Willie Darcy, Danny Edwards and Johnny Naselle, and trounced a good many others.

About this time Lewis laid the foundation for a championship bout with Lynch. He obtained a break when Lynch dislocated his shoulder on the eve of his scrap with Joe Burman, of Chicago. When promoter Tex Rickard asked Lewis if he would pit Goldstein against Burman, Lewis fairly leaped with joy. "Surest thing you know," was his quick answer.



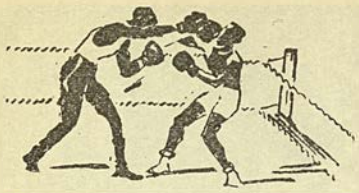
Training in Central Park, New York City

True to Lewis's prediction, and he was the only one who thought Abe could win, Goldstein all but threw the water bucket at Burman. The defeat made Joe hang up his gloves.

The only compensation Goldie received for beating Burman was to be crowned New York State champion. Since the new year Goldstein has piled up several victories, beating, among others, two negroes, Wilbur Cohan and Danny Edwards.

The New York State Athletic Commission reinstated Lynch on condition that he defend his laurels against Goldstein. Goldstein beat Joe decisively, winning thirteen of the fifteen rounds.

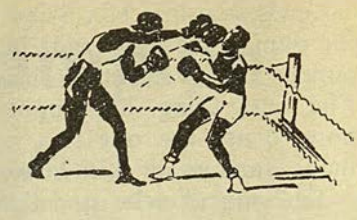
Goldstein is a credit to the boxing game. He is a clean liver and in more ways than one has taken a leaf out of Benny Leonard's page of success.



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Fistic Idol Halted

PAUL BERLENBACK, fistic idol of the New York Athletic Club, should not be discouraged by the temporary setback suffered at the hands of Jack Delaney of Bridgeport, in their recent bout in Madison Square Garden, in which Paul, the "Knock Out King," himself was sent into dreamland in the fourth round of a scheduled twelve-round battle. Berlenbach, although the victim of a knockout, proved conclusively that a year from now, despite this temporary setback, he will be wearing the crown of either the middleweight or light heavyweight division, or possibly both.

The defeat of Berlenbach should not blight his career. Paul, only a raw novice, piled up a wonderful record prior to meeting Delaney, a record which is almost unparalleled in modern ring history. Scoring twenty-three knockouts in twenty-six bouts is a record to feel proud of and Paul may still hold his head up high despite his defeat by Delaney.

* * * * *

Forced Into Defeat

THERE were many experts in the Metropolitan district who shouted from the housetops that Berlenbach must not be permitted to face any more so-called setups or easy marks. These experts prevailed upon the Boxing Commission in the name of sport to see to it that Thumping Paul was permitted to fight none but the topnotch middleweights. Against this hue and cry, came a plea from Dan Hickey, New York A. C. boxing instructor and manager of Berlenbach, not to force Paul to meet ring veterans. Hickey explained that in his opinion, Berlenbach was too inexperienced to clash with the cream of the talent and that a defeat at this stage might injure Paul's future prospects. Hickey's pleas were ignored, the match with Delaney was made and the result is ring history.

Now after Berlenbach proved conclusively he is not ready for the big guns of the middleweight division, some of those who clamored for a battle with the leaders of his division, blame Hickey for Paul's setback on the ground that the match with Delaney never should have been made.

* * * * *

An Inconsistency

WHAT an inconsistency! What an alibi for those who realize their judgment of Berlenbach was not the equal of that of Dan Hickey, those upon whose shoulders fall the real blame for rushing a promising boxer into a match that never should have been made!

Yet Berlenbach should not worry. He was almost as great in defeat as he was in his victories over the lesser lights. He showed to an admiring throng that he can take a punch and that with a little more schooling not a man in the present middleweight or light heavyweight division will be able to stand up against Paul's onslaughts.

* * * * *

Gained Fame Overnight

BERLENBACH'S rapid rise to fame will take its place in ring history as unprecedented. From a mere amateur novice to within a stone's throw of the championship in less than six months, from an obscure boxer to a magnet that drew record throngs to Madison Square Garden, is the proud record of Thumping Paul. There is probably no case in boxing history wherein a boxer in the professional battles created more interest in fistic circles. Berlenbach accomplished what neither Benny Leonard nor Jack Dempsey, fistic heroes among New York fight fans could do—he caused a complete sell-out in the Garden less than forty-eight hours after the sale of tickets for his fight with Delaney was started.

And last but not least, let us not forget before closing this chapter on Berlenbach's career that boxing owes to "Knock-em-Dead Paul" a vote of thanks for the part he played in saving the sport to New York State.

While the reformers at Albany and the disgruntled fight promoters were hurling charges at the game, doing their utmost to bring about a repeal of boxing, Berlenbach created an interest which so far overshadowed the cries against boxing in Albany that people soon forgot the politicians and focused their entire attention on the wonderful rise of what was designated, "a second Stanley Ketchell." True Berlenbach caused keen disappointment to his admirers who were given to understand he carried the punch of the Michigan Assassin, but Paul at least succeeded in driving the clamor of the politicians for investigation from the sports pages, thereby killing the politicians' publicity and with it he saved boxing.

* * * * *

In National Limelight

BOXING again is in the national limelight, this time through the investigation of the Attorney-General's office in Washington. A violation of the law which took place two years ago, a violation committed so openly that scarcely a person who reads the newspapers could not have been aware of it, is used by reformers in the form of an attack on the sport in an effort to prove crookedness in boxing.

Boxing has withstood all kinds of vicious, malicious attacks, and can hold its own against the latest attack.

Boxing needs no defense. The trouble nowadays is that everything committed in the name of boxing by individuals who have no connection with the sport, becomes a part of the mud that is hurled on it to the extent that boxing seems to have no rest from those who menace it.

* * * * *

Firpo Slow to Learn

THE Wild Bull is slow to learn.

The recent statement that Luis Angel Firpo intended retiring from the ring so that he might "live his own life undisturbed by the brazen clamor of the mob," was issued only that he might get publicity for his tour of the United States next summer. The intimation that he was madly in love with an Argentine actress, and that she desired him to give up the ring, was added to give the story a tinge of romance. His friends say that Luis really is in love, but the lady of his dreams is willing—nay, urgent—that he continue his campaign for American dollars through the medium of his fists.

Publicity of this sort amounts to nothing. No one who knew anything about boxing or the instincts of Luis Firpo believed it for a second. He has too great a fondness for money to allow a penny to escape him that "he might live his life undisturbed."

* * * * *

What a Difference a Few Years Make

WHAT is there about his present life—jammed to the brim with money and adulation and pretty girls and automobiles—that he so dislikes? A few years ago he was washing bottles in an Argentine pharmacy. Was that more to his taste?

He heard then that the men of North America paid lavishly to see fighting men, and he came within our borders seeking that money—a slow moving colossus,

black-haired, tragic-eyed—and swept opposition to a championship fight out of the way with frightful blows of his right hand. He fell before Jack Dempsey in the briefest and most blood-thrilling match ever staged. Then he went back home.

Luis Angel Firpo has known two things all his life—how to strike a murderous blow with his right hand and how to hoard money. He has failed to learn other vital requisites of a champion—the use of his left hand, tact, which is in its essential, a gesture for popularity, speed, skill and the knowledge of how to dramatize himself. The latter is something more than the possession of a sullen face and the eyes of a grand ducal villain.

Now Firpo has fallen back on the oldest of press-agent tricks—the retirement story—to spur the fading interest of North America. It was a dull and stupid fabrication, but it will do him no harm even though it does no good.

The Wild Bull is slow to learn, but so is the public.

* * * * *

New Bantam Champion

ABE GOLDSTEIN is the new bantamweight champion of the world.

He stripped that honor from the sharp nosed, keen eyed Irishman, Joe Lynch, and added a bit more to the irrefutable proof that men of his breed can rise as high in combat as in business, science and law.

There were few who accorded Abe a chance when he stepped into the historic ring at Madison Square Garden with Joe Lynch. He was the under-dog in the betting at 2-to-1, with few to gamble their money on his seemingly slender chances.

Lynch has been ranked as one of the really great men of his poundage when in condition—one of the cleverest, trickiest and gamest of bantams.

He had once knocked Goldstein out, crushed him utterly. And, the criers of platitudes shouted from the house-tops, "He can't come back!"

It may be that Abe was spurred by that thought. Lynch had come back. Why couldn't he?

And Goldstein did.

Goldstein is not a slugger; not a tearing, smashing demon. He fights intelligently but with no great flare, always giving his best. This new champion won't follow Lynch's example in fighting like a champion in one bout and a clown in another.

There are plenty of rocks in Abe's path, for the bantamweight division is full of good fighters. However, this product of New York's East Side will be an ornament to his class whether he wears his crown a month or ten years.

* * * * *

The National Sports Alliance

PROFESSIONAL sports, primarily boxing, will have its protector from now on.

This much was assured at the recent dinner of the National Sports Alliance in New York City, attended by more than 1,000 persons, men in all walks of life, including some of the most prominent jurists in the Empire State. The sport which has been the target of the Blue Law agitators, the reformers who would take from us the liberties guaranteed all by our National Constitution, those who attack boxing, Sunday baseball, billiards and other kindred sports without any justification, will find their efforts thwarted in the future by the spokesman of professional sports—the newly organized and already powerful National Sports Alliance. Let there be no mistake about this organization. If it functions properly, and there seems no reason why it should not, the National Sports Alliance will be a great power for good.

* * * * *

Will Protect All Sports

THIS organization, while still only in its infancy, has demonstrated through its great gathering at the Hotel Astor, that it intends to be just what its name signifies—a national body for the protection of all branches of professional sports. While true that the Alliance at present is composed mainly of persons interested in boxing, Senator Jimmy Walker, father of the bill legalizing boxing in New York State, and Jimmy Johnston, the ever-working little president to whose untiring efforts the success of the dinner may be traced, sounded the keynote of the Alliance when they remarked:

"We do not want this organization to represent only the boxing element. We do not want this organization to have among its members only those interested in boxing. We want every true-blooded sportsman, every dyed-in-the-wool follower of professional sports, whether it be boxing, baseball, billiards, wrestling or squash, to come into the fold and make the Alliance its representative, so that when these annual attacks on boxing, Sunday baseball or other branches of athletic activities are launched in the legislatures of almost every state in the Union, we will be able to send forth men who can defy the legislators into acting contrary to the will of the majority by asserting their rights with the support of millions of persons instead of a mere handful."

* * * * *

As It Should Be

THIS is as it should be. Boxing, baseball and other sports in which the professional gives heaps of enjoyment to millions of followers, should have an organized body to act as its protector. As Jimmy Walker so well placed it before the vast assemblage at the Alliance dinner:

"I have been in Albany for many years, and it cut me to the very heart year in and year out to see Senator John Doe of Putnam County, or Senator Tom Smith of Erie County, both representing less than 20,000 persons, ask for the repeal of the boxing law or the repeal of the Sunday baseball law, or the passage of a bill preventing the playing of billiards on Sunday, while we, who represented one million or more persons, stood by helplessly. Why? Because those representatives of small county sections where billiards, boxing and baseball meant nothing to the community life, were able to muster enough votes to swarm the representatives of the majority. But was there even one person at any of the hearings on these measures able to stand forth and say:

"'I represent a million or more persons who protest against taking away from them that which they enjoy and are willing to pay for,' no legislation on sports could ever be railroaded through Senate or Assembly.

"This, gentlemen, is what your National Sports Alliance will mean. It will mean that no longer will the persons representing 20,000 persons be in a position to take from you, the majority, that which it is your right to have and to enjoy, because you will have an organized body to fight such vicious legislation."

* * * * *

Deserves Full Support

THE National Alliance deserves the support of every person who has the interest of sports at heart. Let us hope that within the year it will acquire into membership the red-blooded followers of sports throughout the country. Then and only then will it be in a position to do for the professional sport what the Amateur Athletic Union has accomplished for the amateur sports, and once the organization comes into power, there will be no Blue Law Reformers strong enough to overcome the spokesman of the majority.

* * * * *

An Uncrowned Champion

TIME and again we run across press notices with the headline, "The Uncrowned Champion"; the press agent for the fighter attempting to inform the public that his battler has either scored a victory over a title-holder in a no-decision contest or the champion has repeatedly ignored challenges from the contender. Of course no fight expert pays any attention to such claim

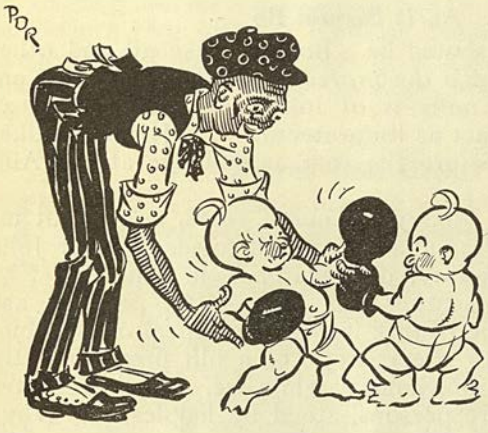
(*Continued on page 23*)

Shadows of the Past—Jack Blackburn

(No. XXII)

By VERNON VAN NESS

WE often hear the phrase, "The world is full of unsung heroes," but do you know the world also is full of heroes whose paean has already been sung but who seem to have dropped into oblivion? Where are the Masters of Yesterday, you well might ask. When we search the vital statistics we find them scattered far and wide and quietly, many, many of them enjoying life outside of the fretful glare of the calcium light.



"I'm training young fellows to do that."

For instance, just the other day we ran across an old warrior of the ring, a battle-scarred veteran for certain, and we were a bit shocked when we did, because in the back of our head some place there was a vague recollection that this old-timer had passed on to his Maker. It's odd how these vague imaginings will settle in one's mind and make one believe their truth.

Our shock, however, was quickly overcome, and with extreme little happiness we extended the hand of fellowship to Jack Blackburn.

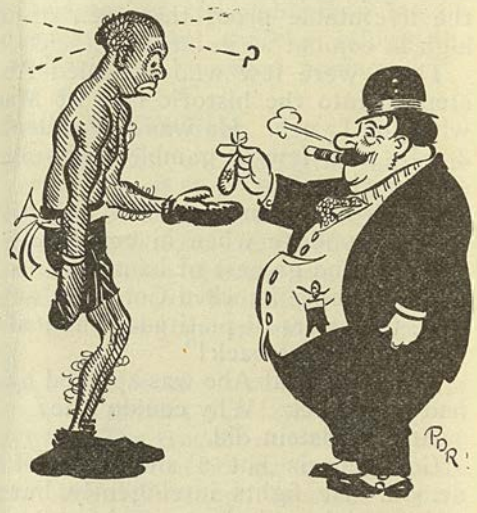
"No, I am not dead," said Jack when we imparted our vague impression of his untimely passing. "Not quite. In fact I am still in harness, you might say, though I don't swing the old leather pillows any more. *I'm training the young fellows to do that.* Time was when I was considered handy with the gloves, but every fellow has his day, and I've had mine. Now I'm just teaching the youngsters how to handle 'em."

It is hard to draw Jack into recounting his ring experiences. Jack is a silent fellow. In his day no colored boxer fought harder and few were more dangerous. He fought nearly one hundred ring battles, eighty-nine of which are listed in the old record books. He left the ring in 1908.

Jack used to make his headquarters in Philadelphia, and it was in the Quaker City that he fought most of his battles. Now he is located in Chicago. Jack is not so ancient. He was born down in Versailles, Ky., in 1883. That makes him forty years along the highway. He began boxing when seventeen or eighteen years old, and was a busy boxer. He scaled around 135-140 pounds in the heyday of his career, but was much lighter when he began boxing.

Blackburn was clever and could hit. He was game, too, and he never did much side-stepping, as his long list of bouts will attest. Looking back over his record we find he never was knocked out. He lost several decisions, but the record is impressive for Jack. Here are some of the fellows he fought once or more: Spike Sullivan, Dave Holly, Joe Grim, Sam Langford, Larry Temple, George Gunther, Joe Gans, Terry Martin (the original), Jimmy Barry, Mike Donovan, Walter Stanton, Jack Bonner, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Caponi, John Willie, Jimmy Burns, Jack Robinson, Cleve Hawkins, Blink McClosky et al. Just a partial summary of his ring activities.

"I was born too soon," declared Jack after we had talked a bit of old times. "I never could make much money, though I always hoped I could. Seems like us



"I never could make much money."

old-timers never collected much for what we did. Lordie, I must have fought a hundred fights and—well, here I am, training the youngsters to do what I used to do. If I was in my prime now I'd have a Rolls Royce. Well, well, guess I'll get that Sammy Mandel person and give him his next lesson."

The Ring's Compilation of Champions Throughout the World

World Champions	Heavyweight	Light-Heavyweight	Middleweight	Welterweight	Lightweight	Featherweight	Bantamweight	Flyweight
Country	Dempsey	McTigue	Greb	Walker	Leonard	Dundee	Lynch	Villa
America	Dempsey	Tunney	Greb	Walker	Leonard	*Dundee	Lynch	Genaro
England	Frank Goddard	Bloomfield	Todd	Lewis	Mason	Fox	Brown	*Open
France	Carpentier	Morelle	Charles	Porcher	Bretonnel	Ledoux	Routis	Gleizes
Belgium	Van Humbeck	Julios	Devos	Hobin	Germain	Hebrans	Scillie	Montreuil
Holland	Van Der Veer	Westbroeck	Westbroeck	Van derHoff	Van derHoff	Van Vliet	Van Dyke	(Vacant)
Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
Germany	Breittenstraeter	Buckzum	Prenzel	(Vacant)	Naujocks	Sasse	Grass	Kohler
Spain	Teixidor	Molero	Carlos	Ailo	Zaldwar	Miro	(Vacant)	Ferrand
Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Australia	Ern Sheppeard	Ern Waddy	Tommy Uren	Fred Kay	Hugh Dwyer	Ernie Baxter	J. Semmens	Geo. Mendies
Europe	Carpentier (France)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Ailo (Spain)	Bretonnel	Ledoux (France)	Brown (England)	Montreuil (Belgium)
Orient	.....	.....	.....	I. Flores (Philippines)	S. Jaminito (Philippines)	T. Pandong (Philippines)	P. Sarmiento (Philippines)	F. Conception (Philippines)

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*Wilde and Kilbane retired. Revised to Date.

Hard Work Helped Battling Levinsky

By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

"IT was a great life when I was at my best," that's the way Battling Levinsky looks upon his fistic career, which now is well behind him. The Battler is a prosperous business man in Philadelphia where he is selling real estate. "I'm a realtor now," declares Bat and so he is. You look at the big fellow and you do not suspect, if you do not know him, that he was once upon a time one of the toughest light heavyweights in the country and the American champion in that class.

Bat has retired a couple of years now. He is going to stay retired, too, take it from him.

"Just a little managing on the side," he says and handles the affairs of a couple of promising youngsters. "I box every day but I know what I can't do and that is fight again. I had my day and it was a mighty busy and profitable one. Yes, siree; I'm nicely fixed. No, I don't regret my ring days, not by a long shot. Made some good money and saved a lot of it and now I'm happy.

"I certainly did enjoy the fight game when I was a kid. Gosh how I used to fight. Twice, three times, sometimes four bouts a week. I fought eight times in thirty days once and won every one of the eight bouts. Dan Morgan used to keep me busy, but I guess I kept him busy hustling scraps. Didn't always collect much, especially when I started, but I never was discouraged. Things came my way in time and I made good, which was what I started out to do.

"I had some tough fights in my time. I never cared much who the other fellow was. Guess I faced 'em all. I used to keep in fine shape by boxing often and by working a lot in the gym. Guess maybe I worked too much. But I never did believe in loafing.

"In my present business of hustling real estate I find that training mighty handy. I get up early, get on the job before nine and keep stepping all day. Never get tired and always look for more work to do. That comes from always being on the go when I was in the ring. I used to get on a train in New York, jump up to Boston, fight at night, jump down to some place in Connecticut, then back to Boston or some place near there, then hop over to Philly, back to New York and maybe take a jump out to Buffalo or Rochester or Cleveland, one night after the other as quickly as I could make the trips. Never got tired and Dan Morgan used to say: 'Bat, for the love of Mike get sick or something, will you? This change of food and water on the one night stands is killing me.'

"I get my fun now watching the other fellows box. Great sport, boxing. Best in the world. Great folks in the boxing game. But you have to be a mighty good liver to last long. Boys nowadays are pretty decent chaps. No boozers to speak of. Out to make a living and stick to it. Well, guess I'll step out and sell a couple of houses and three or four lots and maybe a country estate or two. Have to keep busy or I get too fat."

And off shot Battling Levinsky, who started his boxing career in 1910 as Barney Williams and closed it hardly two years ago under the real family name. A credit to the game and a mighty sweet fighter when he was at his best.

As We See It

(*Continued from page* 21)

for the reason that in pugilism a boxer can win a crown only by knocking out the champion, winning from the champion on a foul, beating the champion so badly that he is unable to continue, or winning the crown through an official decision rendered by referee or judges authorized to decide the winner.

The above, by way of introducing the fact that if ever a boxer were entitled to the claim, "The Uncrowned Champion," Young Stribling is the man. When Young Stribling, for the second time in less than a year, outclassed Mike McTigue, world's light heavyweight champion, in the Newark Armory on March 30, he proved conclusively that were it not that the Jersey boxing law prohibits decisions, Stribling would now be wearing the crown which McTigue won from Battling Siki last year.

* * * * *

Not a Dissenting Voice

NOT a dissenting voice among the ringside experts was found in the unofficial awards granting Stribling the honors. In fact, there was not an expert in the ringside press seats who did not declare that Stribling gained more than three-quarters of the rounds and so far outclassed Mike that it seemed pitiful to think the youthful Georgia schoolboy could beat the champion so decisively and yet be prevented by law from annexing the championship with his victory.

The case of Stribling merits a drive for the elimination of the no-decision law in states where boxing is legalized. In a recent editorial in the New York American, Damon Runyon, most capable sports writer in America and a world famous sports critic, hits the nail on the head when he remarks:

"In the opinion of this writer, the so-called 'no-decision' boxing bout is a most ridiculous institution. It is ridiculous under ALL circumstances. It is especially ridiculous when a champion is one of the participants. The 'no-decision' bout is a relic of a curious era of hypocrisy.

"Stribling outpointed Mike McTigue nearly every round. He did all the FIGHTING.

"The Georgian won the bout on points in the opinion of the great majority of the spectators and experts.

"But he did not win the title, which—and this is ironical—was won by McTigue ON POINTS from Battling Siki and by a much narrower margin than Stribling won from McTigue.

"That is the absurdity, the INJUSTICE of the 'no-decision' bout.

"Had there been an 'official' decision at the finish, McTigue would have been COMPELLED to fight to give the spectators a real show. As it was, he walked off with $13,379.70 and his title.

"It is ironical that such a champion as McTigue should head one of the greatest pugilistic divisions."

* * * * *

Deserves Return Bout to Decision

STRIBLING deserves first chance at McTigue's title in a decision bout. He has proven to the satisfaction of the fistic world that he is McTigue's master, and being the "Uncrowned Title Holder," the Georgian is in line for the first bout in which McTigue consents to place his crown at stake through the medium of a referee's decision.

Results of Boxing Bouts

MARCH

3—Fort Madison, Iowa:
Bobby Nolan knocked out Johnny Showers, second round.

3—Marysville:
Billy Harold beat Georgie Lee, four rounds.

4—Seattle, Wash.:
Dode Bercot and Johnny Jordan, six-round draw.

4—Fresco, Calif.:
Young Borbett and Bennie Berries, four-round draw.

4—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Stewart McLean beat Eddie Anderson, four rounds.

5—Portland, Ore.:
Jimmy Delaney beat Racehorse Joe Roberts, ten rounds.

5—Bellingham, Wash.:
Mike O'Leary and Young Carman, six-round draw.

5—San Francisco, Calif.:
Fred Sullivan beat Sammy Olsen, four rounds.
Eddie McGovern knocked out Martin O'Shea, 1st round.
Johnny Lamar beat Ted Frenchie, six rounds.
Young Rizzo beat Jack Kirk, six rounds.
Terry Brown knocked out Charley Simms, two rounds.
Frankie Kelly beat Jack Murray, four rounds.
Soldier Delmont knocked out John Deperio, four rounds.

7—San Francisco, Calif.:
Eddie White beat Jack Silver, four rounds.
Tim Callaghan beat Bobby Allen, four rounds.
Kid Lewis beat Bobby Ertle, four rounds.
Billy Springfield knocked out Joe Powell, second round.

7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Ray Long beat Marty Cross, four rounds.

7—Sacramento, Calif.:
Marty Burman beat Jack Sherley, four rounds.
Johnny Burns beat Kid Buccump, four rounds.

8 — Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Spencer Gardner beat Wilbur Cohen, ten rounds.
Jack Dorval and Joe Stoessel, ten-round draw.
Johnny Gardner beat Joe Scappatone, ten rounds.

8—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack Douglas knocked out Sailor Stafford, five rounds.
Jack Demave knocked out Eddie Benson, five rounds.
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Claude Force, four rounds.
Johnny Holmes beat Tommy Dean, eight rounds.

8—105th Field Artillery Armory, New York City:
Jack Moriarty beat Jack Mace, ten rounds.

8—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Kohler and Johnny Vestri, six-round draw.
Vic Brog beat Jack (Wildman) Gould, six rounds.
Dabe Webber beat Jimmy Ryder, six rounds.
August Pisano and Izzy Cooper, six round draw.
Willie Shaw knocked out Tommy Duffy, four rounds.
Willie Bagley and Billy Miller, four round draw.

10—San Antonio, Texas:
Tom White beat Dummy Mahan, six rounds.

10—Detroit, Mich.:
Connie Curry beat Harry Leonard, eight rounds.

10—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Harper beat Chick Roach, six rounds.
Buddy Fitzgerald beat Tommy Cooney, ten rounds.

10—Detroit, Mich.:
Ted Moore beat Bob Sage, ten rounds.

10—Pittsfield, Mass.:
Wop Monaleum beat Tracy Ferguson, ten rounds.

10—Manchester, N. H.:
Bernie Cowette beat Sailor Byron, ten rounds.

10—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Pollock knocked out Joe Colbaugh, three rounds.
Bobby Tracy beat Willie Devaney, ten rounds.

10—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Noble and Young Brown, ten-round draw.

10—Toronto, Canada:
Jack Reddick knocked out Ben Kenney, six rounds.

10—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Tony Vacarelli beat Sammy Seiger, six rounds.
Murray Layton beat Silent Lamont, six rounds.
Henry Goldberg knocked out Jackie Fisher, two rounds.
Eddie Flank beat Carmen Passerela, six rounds.

10—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Charley Goodman beat Joe Ritchie, twelve rounds.
Bobby Michaels won on a foul from Nick Foley, third round.
Willie Kohler beat Frankie Edwards, ten rounds.

10—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Tony Palmer beat Al Dubeck, four rounds.
Arthur Bell beat Gus Marino, four rounds.
Scotty Williams and Joe Geller, four-round draw.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Eddie Biske, four rounds.

10—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
George Brown beat Joey Baker, twelve rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Fred Devito, two rounds.

10—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Mickey Walker knocked out Mike Dempsey, five rounds.

10—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Eddie Ochs beat Al Gordon, eight rounds:
Charley Ray beat Eddie Covington, eight rounds.

10—Memphis, Tenn.:
Pal Moore beat Pascal Coletti, eight rounds.

10—Lancaster, Pa.:
Lew Brenner knocked out Jack Rosen, four rounds.
Sam Blackiston knocked out Soldier Katarsky, two rounds.

10—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ray Mitchell beat Sailor Friedman, ten rounds.
Danny Gartin beat Johnny Donnelly, ten rounds.

11—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Hausner beat Earl Biard, six rounds.
Maxey Rosenblum beat Jack Lynch, six rounds.
Henny Catena beat Joe Dillon, six rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Johnny Breslin, six rounds.
Harry Felix beat Sid Rabin, six rounds.
Joey Silvers knocked out Jackie Mellman, three rounds.

11—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Kestner and Tommy Fay, eight-round draw.
Kid Bates beat Sid Buller, eight rounds.
Abe Cohen beat Jimmy Barry, eight rounds.
Johnny Price and Jack Rosenberg, eight-round draw.

11—Albany, N. Y.:
Rocky Smith beat Jack Palmer, twelve rounds.
Giovanni Salerno and Kid Rash, ten-round draw.

11—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Spencer Gardner, ten rounds.

11—Hartford, Conn.:
Al Shubert and Harry Kid Brown, twelve-round draw.
Kid Vincent beat Georgie Ray, ten rounds.

11—Reading, Pa.:
Bobby Ruttenberg beat Battling Murray, ten rounds.

11—Holyoke, Mass.
Jimmy Cooney beat Johnny Leonard, ten rounds.
Lew Perfetti knocked out Frankie Lambert, one round.

11—Dayton, Ohio:
Johnny Tillman beat Joe Delaney, twelve rounds.

12—Armory, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Eddie Clifford beat Jimmy Gardy, ten rounds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Gene Moriarty, four rounds.

12—Baltimore, Md.:
Alex Hart beat Joe Dundee, twelve rounds.

12—Youngstown, Ohio:
Carl Tremaine beat Rosey Stoy, twelve rounds.

12—Montreal, Canada:
Leo Roy beat Jack Kid Wolfe, ten rounds.

12—San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roche beat Frankie Thomas, four rounds.
George Gilmore and Vic Morrison, no contest.
Ted Frenchie beat Johnny Lucas, four rounds.
Terry Brown beat Frank Corbett, one round.
Gilbert Attell beat Frankie Kelly, four rounds.
Johnny Robles beat Lou Richards, four rounds.
Jimmy Dement beat Earl Klan, four rounds.
Jack Murray knocked out Dave Prince, one round.

12—Colorado Springs:
Billy O'Neill beat Billy Fisher, four rounds.

12—Eldorado, Ark.:
Mickey Forkins and Frankie Murphy, ten-round draw.

13—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Lou Bogash beat Andy Kid Palmer, twelve rounds.
Young Frankie knocked out Jack Pry, one round.
Jimmy Cancro beat Tony Ricardo, six rounds.
Scotty Williams beat Harry Simmons, six rounds.

13—102nd Medical Armory, New York City:
Charley Picker beat Tommy Chip, twelve rounds.
Red McGee knocked out Harry Lamar, three rounds.

13—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Billy Defoe knocked out Louis Caputo, five rounds.
Nick Scanlon beat Tony Sirrocco, six rounds.

13—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Joe Reno, ten rounds.
Ray Mitchell beat Philly Lewis, ten rounds.

13—New Haven, Conn.:
Young Leonard knocked out Kid Carson, two rounds.
Eddie Corbett beat Paulie Alberts, ten rounds.
Willie Shugrue and Johnny Mason, ten-round draw.

13—New Bedford, Mass.:
Frank Moody beat Pal Reed, ten rounds.

13—Columbus, Ohio:
Jock Malone beat Jack Stone, ten rounds.

15—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge beat Jack Lynch, twelve rounds.
Sandy Taylor and Willie Doyle, twelve-round draw.
Frank Suby knocked out Jack Tilyou, four rounds.
Eddie McLaughlin beat Tommy Clifford, four rounds.

15—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Morris Meola and Joe Zink, ten-round draw.
Jack Wildman Gould and Babe Orlando, twelve-round draw.

15—105th Field Artillery Armory, New York City:
Jack Rosenberg knocked out Joe Pelky, two rounds.
Joe Wright knocked out Fred Burnett, two rounds.

15—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Hamm beat Vincent Salvatore, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Milton Cohen, six rounds.
Tommy Tobin and Harry Felix, six-round draw.

15—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Tommy Fay beat Dominick Mastrian, twelve rounds.
Jack O'Neill and Johnny Esmus, ten-round draw.

16—Milan, Italy:
Joseph Spalla knocked out Penweill, six rounds.
Bianchi, Italy, beat Gibson, England, ten rounds.
Garzena, Italy, and Handley, England, ten-round draw.

17—Barberton, Ohio:
Marty Burke knocked out Billy Walsh, one round.

17—Portsmouth, Ohio:
Gene La Rue knocked out Eddie Grant, three rounds.

17—Toronto, Canada:
Bobby Eber beat Joey Geller, ten rounds.

17—Omaha, Neb.:
Jock Malone and George West, no contest, ten rounds.
Morrie Schlaifer knocked out Jimmy Kelly, eight rounds.

17—First Regiment Armory, Newark:
Jack Delaney and Jackie Clarke, no contest, eight rounds.
Harry Martone beat Sailor Darden, ten rounds.
Danny Cooney beat Danny Cohen, ten rounds.
Ray O'Brien knocked out Babe Schwartz, two rounds.
Jabber O'Neil beat Charley Bianci, six rounds.

17—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler knocked out Ted Marchant, four rounds.
Joe Libby beat Jack Palmer, ten rounds.
Johnny Mealy beat Tony Ross, ten rounds.

17—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Carl Tremaine beat Spencer Gardner, ten rounds.

17—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Joe Egan, six rounds.

17—St. Paul, Minn.:
Gene Tunney beat Jimmy Delaney, ten rounds.

17—Fall River, Mass.:
Chick Suggs knocked out Irish Johnny Curtin, seven rounds.

17—Fourth Regiment Armory, Baltimore, Md.:
Johnny Buff beat Benny Schwartz, ten rounds.

17—Newcastle, Pa.:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Mog Pugh, twelve rounds.

17—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Bobby Wolgast knocked out Eddie Seigel, three rounds.

17—Lynn, Mass.:
Billy Murphy beat Al Shubert, ten rounds.
Irish Kid Williams beat Lefty Williams, eight rounds.

17—Detroit, Mich.:
Frankie Ash beat Johnny Lear, ten rounds.

18—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sid Terris beat Eddie Brady, twelve rounds.
Charley (Phil Rosenberg beat Gaylor (Kid) Lewis, ten rounds.
Pete August beat Pep O'Brien, ten rounds.
Johnny Green beat Izzy Cooper, six rounds.
Irving Goldberg knocked out Lew Kreger, three rounds.

18—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sonny Cashin and Leroy Powell, ten round draw.
Bobby Green beat Jack Rafferty, ten rounds.
Pete Hall beat Eddie Lee, ten rounds.

18—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Glick beat Edwin Riley, twelve rounds.
Sailor Harry Sills and Tony Darcy, ten-round draw.

18—Hazelton, Pa.:
Allentown Joe Gans beat Harry Galfund, ten rounds.

18—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Frankie Venchell beat Paul Doyle, ten rounds.

18—Boston, Mass.:
Eddie Record beat Jack Sharkey, ten rounds.

18—Paris, France:
Ted Kid Lewis beat Francis Charles, fifteen rounds.
Fred Bretonnel and Paul Fritsch, fifteen-round draw.

18—New Rochelle, N. Y.:
Danny Williams beat Buddy Wallace, ten rounds.

18—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Benny Tell beat Jimmy Sanders, eight rounds.

18—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Reno beat Willie Harmon, twelve rounds.

19—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Scogni beat Joe Savoila, six rounds.
Corporal Schwartz beat Al Felder, six rounds.
Herman Singer beat Frankie Houlihan, six rounds.
Freddy Schultz knocked out Emanuel Jamidi, two rounds.

19—Mansfield, Ohio:
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Johnny Horvath, twelve rounds.

19—Oklahoma City, Okla.:
Harry Foley beat Billy Birton, ten rounds.

19—San Francisco, Calif.:
Hank Roberts beat Battling Buck, four rounds.
Gene Watson and Eddie St. Clair, four rounds.
Midget Smith beat Ted Frenchie, four rounds.
Jimmy Dement beat Gilbert Attell, four rounds.

Johnny O'Connor beat Johnny Lucas, four rounds.
Johnny Fiske and Kid Cirriacco, four-round draw.
Jimmy O'Dow beat Jack Murray, four rounds.

19—San Francisco, Calif.:
Mike Dundee beat Johnny Farr, four rounds.
Dynamite Murphy knocked out Bobby Dyson, four rounds.
Mickey O'Donnell beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.
Teddy O'Hara beat Joe McCabe, four rounds.
Sailor Larry beat Tom King, four rounds.
Franul Ruffles knocked out Frenchie Coalman, one round.
Jimmy McLarin beat Frankie Sands, four rounds.

20—San Jose, Calif.:
Pep Webster and Mason Griffin, four-round draw.
Steamboat Morgan and Jim Bailey, four-round draw.

20—San Pedro, Calif.:
Teddy Silva and Ad Rubidoux, four-round draw.

20—Tacoma, Wash.:
Stanley Willis beat Mike O'Leary, four rounds.

20—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Sonny Smith beat Johnny Gray, ten rounds.
Joe Celmars and Joe Souza, ten-round draw.
Johnny Hamm knocked out Lew Goldberg, sixth round.

20—Waterbury, Conn.:
Louis Kid Kaplan and Bobby Garcia, twelve rounds.
Willie Shugrue knocked out Joe Flynn, one round.

20—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Young Diamond beat Tommy Fay, eight rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Louis Caputo, eight rounds.
Georgie Brown knocked out Kid Blackie, third round.
Jackie Marlowe beat Kid Rash, eight rounds.

20—Columbus Sporting Club, New York City:
Al Norton beat Nick Scanlon, twelve rounds.
Mike Carrier knocked out Sonny Williams, third round.

20—Passaic, N. J.:
Harold Abbott and Georgie West, ten-round draw.
Tony Palmer beat Pinkey Burns, ten rounds.

20—Toledo, Ohio:
Charley O'Connell beat K. O. Jeakle, twelve rounds.

21—Worcester, Mass.:
Tommy Flanagan beat Willie Stanton, ten rounds.

21—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Abe Goldstein beat Joe Lynch, fifteen rounds.
Tony Vaccerelli beat Mickey Brown, six rounds.
Jackie Snyder beat Bobby Wolgast, six rounds.
Bud Dempsey beat Willie Davis, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Sammy Marino four rounds.

21—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Tom Cowler knocked out Jim Williams, two rounds.

21—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Nick Volpetti, two rounds.

21—Hoboken, N. J.:
Jimmy De Luca knocked out Joe Wagner, one round.

21—Norwalk, Conn.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Mickey Travers, twelve rounds.
Willie Angelo beat Young Vincent, eight rounds.

21—Boston, Mass.:
Georgie Ward beat Eddie Shevlin, ten rounds.

21—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Jack Renault beat Capt. Bob Roper, ten rounds.

21—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Archie Walker knocked out Billy O'Brien, one round.

21—Havana, Cuba.:
Santiago Esparraguera beat Homer Smith, twelve rounds.

21—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Vincent Lopez and Ivory Eshelmen, ten-round draw.

21—Baltimore, Md.:
Lew Mayers won on a foul from Chick Kansas, two rounds.

21—Sacramento, Calif.:
Pancho Villa beat Georgie Lee, four rounds.
Pete Sarmeinto beat Eddie O'Leary, four rounds.

21—Los Angeles, Calif.:
George Lavigne beat Sailor Liston, ten rounds.

21—Couer D'Alene, Idaho.:
Frank Farmer beat Jimmy Gorman, twelve rounds.

21—San Francisco, Calif.:
Eddie White and Jack Silver, four-round draw.
Solly Kronich and Tim Callaghan, four-round draw.
Sammy Compagno and Bobby Ertle, four-round draw.
Roy Sutherland and Joe Powell, four-round draw.
Jack Gary knocked out Tony Rajas, one round.

22—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Leonard and Carl Duane, twelve-round draw.
George Doherty beat Sammy Sherwin, six rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Jack Rafferty, six rounds.
Willie O'Connell and Joe Malone, six-round draw.
Lew Reno knocked out Johnny Liano, second round.

22—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Johnny Vestri and Charley Kohler, six round draw.
Johnny Kochansky and Jackie Coburn, six-round draw.
Billy Vidabeck beat Maxie Rosenblum, six rounds.
Willie Shaw beat Jack Pry, six rounds.
Al Pollio beat Willie Klein, four rounds.

22—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Lee Wedo beat Joey Baker, twelve rounds.
Nick Fallon knocked out Jimmy Foley, seven rounds.

22—105th Field Artillery, The Bronx:
Danny Edwards beat Nick Mercer, ten rounds.
Wildman Gould beat Johnny Lustig, ten rounds.

22—14th Regiment, Brooklyn:
Harry Murkle knocked out Wee Jimmy Collins, three rounds.
Johnny Esmus beat Jack O'Neill, ten rounds.

24—Portland, Ore.:
Nig Yeager beat Frank Farmer, ten rounds.

24—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Babe Herman knocked out Johnny Lissie, two rounds.

24—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Bobby Michaels beat Joe Tiplitz, twelve rounds.
Bobby Ruttenberg knocked out Tiny Trinkle, five rounds.

24—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Picker knocked out Charley Bernard, one round.
Joe Stanley beat Red McGee, eight rounds.

24—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jack Bernstein beat Teddy Meyers, ten rounds.
Jimmy Goodrich and Harry Cook, ten-round draw.

24—Baltimore, Md.:
Harry Greb knocked out Fey Kaiser, twelve rounds.

24—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Johnny Gill knocked out Mike Credell, second round.
George Russell knocked out Jack Darcy, two rounds.

24—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Ted Moore beat Lou Bogash, ten rounds.

24—Fourth Regiment Armory, Jersey City, N. J.:
Mickey Taylor knocked out Al Miller, nine rounds.

24—Hoboken, N. J.:
Dan Leber knocked out Paul Decker, nine rounds.

24—Lynn, Mass.:
Nate Seigel knocked out Johnny Abilla, six rounds.

24—Troy, N. Y.:
Johnny Nichols won on a foul from Mike Dempsey, twelve rounds.

24—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Indian Russell, ten rounds.

24—New Bedford, Mass.:
Red Chapman knocked out Johnny Dizon, three rounds.

24—Manchester, N. H.:
Tony Thomas and Johnny Sheppard, ten rounds.

24—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Danny Coony beat Ray Mitchell, eight rounds.

24—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Eddie O'Dowd and Herbie Schaefer, ten-round draw.

24—East Chicago, Ill.:
Sammy Mandell beat Mickey O'Dowd, ten rounds.

24—Dayton, O.:
Tommy Gibbons knocked out Joe Downey, one round.

24—Cincinnati, O.:
Joe Anderson beat Johnny Tillman ten rounds.
Roy Wallace knocked out Eddie Staton, nine rounds.

24—Detroit, Mich.:
Jack Burke beat Joe Burke, ten rounds.

24—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Artie Wegand knocked out Allentown Dundee, six rounds.

25—Mishawaka, Ind.:
Billy Knowles and Happy Atherton, ten-round draw.
Tommy McFarlan knocked out Al Pearson, third round.
Jimmy Shoemaker and Young Reed, four-round draw.

25—Taft, Calif.:
Billy Bonillas beat Billy Lakeman, four rounds.

25—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Joe Burman and Dick Griffin, four-round draw.

25—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Harper beat Eddie Roberts, six rounds.

25—Hoquiam, Wash.:
Mike O'Leary beat Dode Bercot, four rounds.

25—San Antonio, Texas:
Tommy White beat Billy McCann, twelve rounds.

25—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Ray Neuman and Mike Burke, ten-round draw.
Danny Lee beat Herman Kid Silver, ten rounds.
Morris Meola and Tommy Chip, ten-round draw.
Jimmy Cancro beat Andy Williams, six rounds.

25—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Larry Estridge knocked out Jack Perry, seven rounds.

25—Toronto, Canada:
Leo (Kid) Roy beat Benny Gould, ten rounds.

25—Havana, Cuba:
Jose Lombardo beat Carlos Frago, two rounds.

25—San Antonio, Texas:
Tommy White beat Billy McCann, twelve rounds.

25—Albany, N. Y.:
Jabez White beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.
Kid Rash and Giovanni Salerno, ten-round draw.

26—Armory, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Wildman Gould and Sandy Taylor, ten-round draw.
Sapper Cohen and Sid Buller, no contest, three rounds.

26—Rochester, N. Y.:
Pat Mills beat Chubby Brown, ten rounds.

26—Hartford, Conn.:
Mike Morley beat Vic McLaughlin, ten rounds.

27—Ring Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Benny Valger beat Young Brown, ten rounds.
Herb Brodie knocked out Frankie Quill, four rounds.
Willie Harman beat Willie Doyle, ten rounds.

27—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy McAleer knocked out Jimmy Ryder, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Jack Rafferty, eight rounds.
Leroy Powell and Vincent Peppe, no contest, five rounds.

27—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Henry Catena beat Kid Carson, ten rounds.
Tommy Milton beat Harry Getzel, ten rounds.

27—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Mickey Brown beat Earl Biard, ten rounds.
Harry Felix beat Pinkey Burns, eight rounds.
Tiny Trinkle and Joe Jackson, eight-round draw.

27—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Vic Broc beat George Erne, ten rounds.

27—McKeesport, Pa.:
Paddy Ryan knocked out Young Penno, six rounds.

27—Columbus, O.:
Johnny Buff beat Harry Forbes, ten rounds.

27—New Haven, Conn.:
Willie Shugrue knocked out Kid Lewis, twelfth round.
Steve Smith beat Johnny Mason, eight rounds.

27—Laurel A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Phil Krug knocked out Joe McCartney, four rounds.
Mickey Donley beat Willie Ferguson, ten rounds.

27—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Harry Galfund knocked out Johnny Riley, eight rounds.
Nat Pincus won on a foul from Tommy Galston, three rounds.

28—Hoboken, N. J.:
Harry Martone knocked out Jimmy Francis, two rounds.
Ed Keeley knocked out Sailor Showers, first round.

28—Holyoke, Mass.:
Bobby Garcia knocked out Newport Johnny Brown, five rounds.

28—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Bushey Graham beat Frankie Ash, ten rounds.
Sailor Pacilio knocked out Joe Paletti, one round.

28—Elizabeth, N. J.:
Jack McFarland and Jack Rappaport, ten-round draw.

28—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Jock Malone knocked out Roland Todd, tenth round.

28—Manchester, N. H.:
Gunboat Jack Lawrence knocked out George Le Blanc, seven rounds.

28—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Jay Lanahan beat Ralph Sheppard, ten rounds.

29—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Tiger Flowers beat Lee Anderson, twelve rounds.
Johnny Gardner knocked out Andy Tucker, five rounds.

29—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sonny Smith beat Charley Kid Kohler, twelve rounds.
Young Angelo knocked out Irving Goldberg, two rounds.

29—9th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henny Catena knocked out Sonny Cashin, one round.
Frank Houlihan beat Bobby Wagner, eight rounds.

29—105th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Walker knocked out Young Jack Dillon, one round.

29—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
George Brown knocked out Bobby O'Neill, one round.
Jack Scotty McGeehan beat Dominick Mastrian, ten rounds.

31—First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J.:
Young Stribling beat Mike McTigue, twelve rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Harry Krohn, four rounds.
Lew Chester knocked out Happy Benkart, one round.
Joe Burton beat Jack Ritchie, six rounds.
Red Needham beat Harry Prail, four rounds.

31—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jimmy Mendo beat Pete Zivic, twelve rounds.
Joe Glick beat Ruby Stein, twelve rounds.

31—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery knocked out Fay Kaiser, three rounds.

31—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Jack Delaney knocked out Leo Leonard, three rounds.

31—Hazelton, Pa.:
Lou Bogash knocked out Frankie Madden, four rounds.

31—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Bobby Barrett beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
Tom Cowler won on a foul from George Godfrey, second round.
Jimmy Mealy beat Whitey Fitzgerald, eight rounds.

31—Scranton, Pa.:
Billy Pollock beat Tim Droney, ten rounds.

31—Trenton, N. J.:
Sammy Seiger and Tommy Kid Murphy, ten round draw.
Rockey Smith knocked out Tiger Nelson, five rounds.

31—Lancaster, Pa.:
Len Brenner beat Tommy Galson, ten rounds.

31—Hamilton, Ont.:
Johnny Lear beat Johnny Buff, ten rounds.

31—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barberian beat Harry Mason, ten rounds.

31—Lynn, Mass.:
Tommy Flanagan beat Buddy Clark, ten rounds.

31—Nashua, N. H.:
Frank Zurelli beat Johnny Young Mack, ten rounds.

31—New Bedford, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Billy Ryckoff, ten rounds.

31—Bangor, Me.:
Tansey Norton beat Jimmy Fruzzetti, twelve rounds.

A CORRECTION

Hot Springs, Ark.—Bobby Hughes beat Al Pettingill, ten rounds.

31—Manchester, N. H.:
Johnny Harko beat Barney Snyder, ten rounds.
31—Memphis, Tenn.:
Tom Gibbons knocked out Soldier Lee, three rounds.
31—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Bobby Hughes beat Zulu Kid, ten rounds.
31—Columbus, Ohio:
Young Henny beat Red McDonald, twelve rounds.
31—Youngstown, Ohio:
Morrie Schlaifer beat Jimmy Jones, twelve rounds.
31—East Chicago, Ill.:
Connie Curry beat Johnny McRoy, ten rounds.
Warnie Smith knocked out Eddie Walsh, four rounds.
31—London, England:
Elky Clark beat Kid Kelly, twelve rounds.
31—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Jack Yest beat Young Sharkey, ten rounds.

APRIL

1—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner beat Al Miller, eight rounds.
Eddie Hall beat Jack Demaye, eight rounds.
Eddie Lee and Charley Hoffman, eight-round draw.
Eddie Clifford beat Frank Otto, eight rounds.
1—27th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Pitcher knocked out Gene Moriarity, two rounds.
Lee Wedo beat Edwin Riley, ten rounds.
Sapper Cohen knocked out Gus Alberts, one round.
1—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Arthur Bell beat Al Leibowitz, four rounds.
Harry Duer beat Nick Laparuta, four rounds.
Walter Plona beat Jack Guida, four rounds.
Tommy T. Duffy beat Lew Kreger, four rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Fred Basson, four rounds.
Ralph Nischo beat Willie Suess, four rounds.
Jack Ford beat Joe Ellison, four rounds.
Mickey Stanick knocked out Frankie Lambert, four rounds.
1—Albany, N. Y.:
Billy Defoe knocked out Frankie Edwards, nine rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Marty Manderville, ten rounds.
1—Bayonne, N. J.:
Johnny Darcy beat Nobby Michaels, ten rounds.
1—Boston, Mass.:
Bob Lowry beat Nate Seigel, ten rounds.
1—Louisville, Ky.:
Jim Tiny Herman beat Joe McCann, ten rounds.
1—San Antonio, Texas:
Charley Feraci beat Mike Vasquez, ten rounds.
2—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sid Terris beat Phil Logan, ten rounds.
Tommy O'Brien beat Pep O'Brien, ten rounds.
Sammy Cohen and Terry Miller, ten-round draw.
Jimmy Russo beat Willie O'Connell, six rounds.
2—Wilkesbarre, Pa.:
Lou Bogash beat Georgie West, ten rounds.
2—Toronto, Canada:
Frankie Ash knocked out Frankie Mason, seven rounds.
2—Rochester, N. Y.:
Speedy Sparks knocked out George Poratta, seven rounds.
4—West Hoboken, N. J.:
Leo Gates knocked out Jack O'Day, two rounds.
4—Stamford, Conn.:
Marty Silvers beat Young Luby, ten rounds.
Sammy Morgan won on a foul from Willie Angelo, two rounds.
4—Worchester, Mass.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Johnny Shugrue, ten rounds.
4—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Ted Moore beat Jack Reddick, six rounds.
4—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Nate Goldman won on a foul from Johnny Mendelsohn, two rounds.
4—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Bud Gorman beat Capt. Bob Roper, ten rounds.
4—Troxlers, Newark, N. J.:
Andy Kid Thomas beat Slim Pavese, ten rounds.
Joe Carlo knocked out Mickey Ford, four rounds.
5—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Tony Vaccarelli beat Babe Herman, six rounds.
Herman Singer beat Marty O'Hare, six rounds.
Mike Manchini beat Jack Rafferty, six rounds.
Jimmy Crozier beat Eddie Crozier, six rounds.
Willie Suess beat Johnny Gorney, six rounds.
Willie Duffy knocked out Mickey Carena, one round.
5—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club; Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Frankie Edwards won on a foul from Joe Glick, five rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Frankie Gano, six rounds.
Frankie Engle and Ives Horrellou, six-round draw.
Billy Marlowe beat Willie Brandt, six rounds.
Ray Davis knocked out Otto Goldberg, one round.
5—Buenos Ayres, South America:
Luis Firpo knocked out Al Reich, one round.
5—Havana, Cuba:
Angel Diaz beat Jose Lombardo, twelve rounds.
5—Oran, Algeria:
Young Ascensio beat Henri Hebrans, fifteen rounds.
7—Toledo, Ohio:
Abe Goldstein beat Tommy Murry, twelve rounds.
7—New Brunswick, N. J.:
Benny Tell beat Johnny Kid Lewis, eight rounds.
7—Troy, N. Y.:
Bushey Graham knocked out Pete Zivic, nine rounds.
7—Trenton, N. J.:
Joe Marks beat Bobby Michaels, ten rounds.
Marty Harris beat Al Holzman, ten rounds.
7—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Clonie Tait beat Philly Lewis, twelve rounds.
Joe Savoila knocked out Young Frankie, twelve rounds.
Dominick Petrone knocked out Abe Greenfield, third round.
Maxey Rosenblum and Joe Silvard, six-round draw.
Al Cipriano beat Jack Leibowitz, four rounds.
7—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Bud Taylor knocked out Al Pittingill, second round.
7—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Sheppard beat Teddy Joyce, ten rounds.
7—Temaqua, Pa.:
Rocky Smith and Allentown Joe Gans, ten-round draw.
7—Memphis, Tenn.:
Kid Harvey knocked out Jack McCarty, first round.
7—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Jack Stone, five rounds.
7—Detroit, Mich.:
Frankie Ash beat Joe McKeon, ten rounds.
7—New Haven, Conn.:
Johnny Green beat Johnny Lucas, ten rounds.
7—Miami, Fla.:
Antonio Valdez beat Mike Dominick, ten rounds.
7—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Ray Mitchell beat Jack Zivic, ten rounds.
7—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Danny Kramer, ten rounds.
Benny Bass knocked out Mickey Diamond, one round.
7—Lancaster, Pa:
Tim Droney beat Sam Blackiston, ten rounds.
Babe Ruth beat Eddie Ochs, ten rounds.
7—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Sheppard beat Teddy Joyce, ten rounds.
7—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Jack Palmer beat all Walters, eight rounds.
8—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Paul Doyle beat Willie Harmon, ten rounds.
Larry Estridge knocked out Jimmy Amato, second round.
Milton Cohen beat Manila Kid, six rounds.
Charley Izzo beat Sammy Schack, six rounds.
8—212th egiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Cronin beat Louis Caputo, twelve rounds.
Dutch Eckhardt and Vincent Sanchez, six round draw.
8—27th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Sapper Cohen and Tommy Fay eight round draw.
Frankie Bell knocked out Tommy Ludwire, five rounds.
Jimmy Brown beat Guy Shiara, six rounds.
Johnny Price beat Nick Lapurta, six rounds.
Red Burke beat Jack Rosenberg, six rounds.
8—Albany, N. Y.:
Phil Krug beat Vic McLaughlin, twelve rounds.
Joe Cobbie and Frankie Maxwell, ten round draw.
8—Boston, Mass:
Johnny Buff beat Young Denico, ten rounds.
Frankie Murray beat Charley Baxter, ten rounds.
8—Bayonne, N. J.:
Willie Shaw won on a foul from Harry Martone, second round.
8—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Reno Beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.

RESULTS OF BOUTS IN ARKANSAS

March 3—Charlie Nashert-Pat Keener—Nashert won; Clyde Edmundson-Young Bruce—Bruce won.
March 7—Abe Kabakoff-Jack Hurley—Kabakoff won; Nick Goumas-Jack Willis—Willis won.
March 10—"Denver" Frankie Murphy-Billy Brown—Murphy won; Jackie Ross-Bobby Williams—Ross won.
March 14—Otis Bryant-Jack Willis—Bryant won; Jackie Ross-Bobby Coleman—draw.
March 18—Bobby Hughes-Delois "Kid" Williams—Hughes won.
March 26—Mickey Forkins-"Denver" Frankie Murphy—Forkins won; Bobby Williams-Bobby Coleman — Coleman won.
March 31—Bobby Hughes-Zulu Kid—Hughes won; Ray Maywood-"Country Boy" Lance—Lance won.
April 4—Tommy Marvin-Glen Clickner—Clickner won; "Fast" Black-Kid Jeanette—Jeanette won.

CLOSEUP OF GOV. AL SMITH

(*Continued from page* 5)

Joe Humphries sat silent, musing over the past; his past that had been bound so tightly with that of Al Smith, Governor of the most powerful commonwealth in the land. Hero worship is a trait that most of us possess, though, with the passing years, and with a closer knowledge of our heroes that worship gradually dies.

But familiarity has not bred contempt for his idol in Joe Humphries' heart, and that is the greatest tribute that one man can pay to another. The gilt has not been tarnished.

"Gee, what a great guy he is!" Old Silver Tone repeated. "He hasn't changed since we were boys together thirty years ago. The cop on the beat and the millionaire on Park Avenue are both men to him, and he treats one as well as the other. It's a fine thing for boxing that he is in the capital. He may not be a fan, but the game hasn't a better friend anywhere."

The Scrappy Kid's Last Fight

By H. C. Van Buskirk

They called this boy the Scrappy Kid,
An' "Scrappy" was sure right;
He'd fought in ninety "mills" or more,
An' never lost a fight.

* * *

He even whipped the brawny champ
In a thrilling, bloody fray,
That every fan remembers yet,
With joy, until this day.

* * *

He packed a nasty, wicked left,
That dazzled all his foes;
He seemed as agile as a buck,
And nimble on his toes.

* * *

He was the best liked champ alive,
With his cheery, ready smile;
The fans would travel to his fights
O'er many a weary mile.

* * *

But then our hero met defeat
Without a single blow;
He simply gave the fight away
To a puny, smaller foe.

But this defeat was no disgrace,
His foe is widely known;
He's beaten many stronger men,
Who fell without a groan.

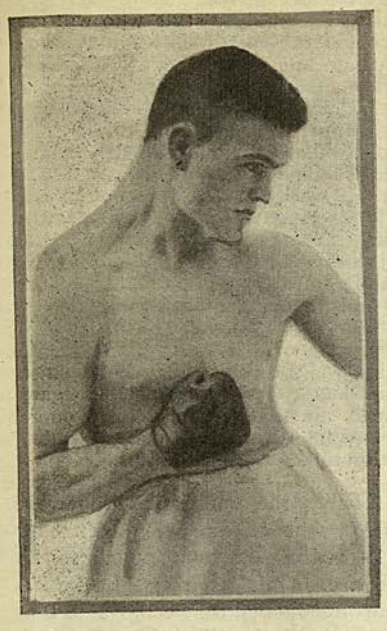
* * *

For every guy meets this bird
Is doomed to meet defeat;
It rarely takes but one short round
To knock you off your feet.

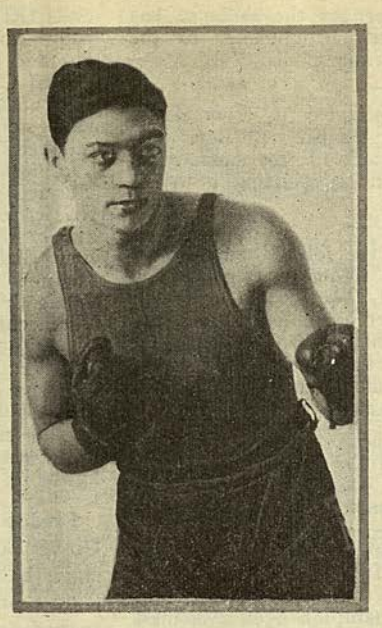
* * *

This chap who mauled the Scrappy Kid,
And made him look so stupid,
Is widely known to many fans,
A bantamweight—Dan Cupid!

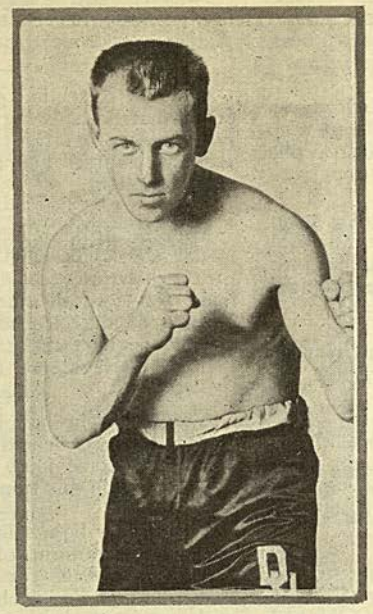
COMING TO AMERICA
Count Louis von Schlitz
European Heavyweight Sensation
PATRON:
HAROLD P. SYMINGTON
LONDON, ENG.
Permanent American Address
Care The Billboard, Crilly Bldg.
Chicago—Illinois



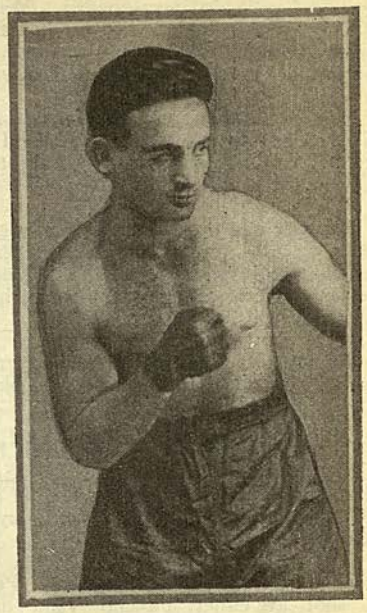
Joe Simonich, Buttem welterweight, under the management of J. R. Basco



Tony Ross, Pittsburg junior lightweight, open to meet any of the leading men in class



Danny Hickey, New York featherweight, a youngster with a good record



Herman Kid Silver, Harlem bantamweight, who is fighting with great success

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

FOR fifteen seconds on the memorable evening of March 31, in the ring of the Newark Armory, Young Stribling was sitting pretty on the top rung of the light heavyweight championship ladder. In the tenth stanza the Georgia nineteen-year-old boy cornered McTigue with a terrific right cross on the jaw. Mike's legs started to give way, his body fell on the ropes and only the superhuman strength of the referee could pry loose his arms from Strib's waistline.

The 13,000 spectators to a man thought they saw the passing of another titleholder until McTigue recovered his senses and managed to stall out the remainder of the stormy journey. Stribling proved beyond a question his superiority over McTigue in every one of the twelve no-decision rounds. Lucky for Mike they don't allow a referee in the state across the Hudson to raise a fighter's duke, or else the big Irishman would be on the outside

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It remained for Paul Berlenbach to supply the only thrill of the night. In spite of a severe setback at the hands of Jack Delaney, Knock 'Em Dead Paul continued his k.o. streak by flattening the ancient Harry Krohn in four rounds. Paul gave the veteran a severe trouncing from the tap of the first gong. How in the world Krohn stood up under the terrific battering he only knows. No doubt Paul helped to draw the record gate.

Young Stribling intends to make hay while the sun shines. His father-manager has arranged several bouts for him, leading up to a semi-final of six rounds with Jack Delaney, at Madison Square Garden, the latter part of this month.

Keep your eyes peeled on Sid Terris. He is coming along like a streak. Before the year is out, it is safe to predict, he will make the topnotchers hustle. He is destined to take a shot at the lightweight throne. Sid never showed to better advantage than he did on April 2 when he boxed rings around Phil Logan, of Buffalo, at the Pioneer Club. He did everything but throw the water bucket at the upstate lad. Terris, one of Benny Leonard's sparring mates at Tannersville, N. Y., where the champ was getting in shape for his historic embroglio with Lew Tendler, has showed rapid improvement. It was a bad piece of managerial matchmaking when he was stacked up against Eddie (Kid) Wagner, but Terris has atoned for that defeat. There is no stopping him now.

By the way, Maxie (Boo Boo) Hoff bewails the fact that he can't get a return shot for Wagner with Johnny Dundee. It will be remembered that Wagner shattered the Dundee-Leonard match last summer, when he plastered Johnny in eight rounds at Philadelphia. The inglorious defeat knocked the bottom out of the Yankee Stadium second classic of 1923, and the Cromwell A. C. was forced to cancel the encounter. Wagner has been going great guns the last few months.

Joe Jacobs is singing the praises of Ted Moore, England's hope in the middleweight division. Looks like Joe has landed a real juicy plum. Moore upset the dope a few weeks ago when he trounced Larry Estridge, the negro contender. They picked Lou Bogash to give him the acid test at Pittsburgh, and Ted again upset calculations by beating the Connecticut lad decisively. Victory over Bogash placed Moore in the limelight. Now Jacobs is anxious to pit the Briton against Harry Greb for the world's title. Not a bad match, any

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For the opening card on May 19, the Nostrand A. C., of Brooklyn, an addition to many outdoor arenas, tried to match champion Greb with Jack Delaney. Matchmaker Tom McArdle had Delaney signed, but he found it almost impossible to get Greb. He worked on the champ for several days and then gave it up as a bad job. Incidentally, Greb postponed his match with Kid Norfolk, up Boston way, indefinitely, on account of a lame back.

In Rickard's absence, Billy Gibson made one of the greatest matches since the inception of the Walker law, when he got Georges Carpentier's consent in the form of a signed contract from the Frenchman's manager, Francois Descamps, agreeing to box Gene Tunney during the week of June 16. No sooner was the match heralded than a storm of protest came from Floyd Fitzsimmons, Michigan promoter, who claimed he had a priority on Carpentier's services. Carp is supposed to be matched with Tom Gibbons, at Benton Harbor, July 4.

Fitzsimmons saw in the Tunney bout the blasting of his big match. He hastened to New York to talk turkey with Gibson, offering $20,000 to lay off. Gib would have none of it, and Tunney insisted that he get first crack at the Frenchman. Most everybody is rooting for Gibson to land the plum in this dear old New York. It is not known where the second Battle of the Century will be staged.

Benny Leonard terminated his stage activities the week of April 7, at New Orleans. He came back to New York and rushed off to Lakewood, N. J., to breathe the fresh air for two weeks before starting light training for one or two big matches this summer. Benny received $3,000 a week for the fifteen he was on the road. He played to capacity houses all over the country. He was forced to play a return engagement in San Francisco, also at Chicago.

It is almost a sure thing Leonard will box Mickey Walker for the latter's welter laurels. The match will draw more than half a million, whether it is staged in New Jersey or at one of the ball parks in New York. It is a natural, just like the Firpo-Dempsey affair last year, and the Leonard-Tendler event. Tex Rickard is most likely to get the plum for Boyle's Thirty Acres.

George Engel believes he has the next world's flyweight champion in Johnny Hamm, the little cyclone from Pittsburgh. Hamm has triumphed in fifteen battles.

Georgie Doherty hopes to pick up where his late lamented brother, Frankie Jerome, left off. Doherty celebrated his return to big time by trouncing Sammy Cherwin.

Harry Wills may not start arduous training for several matches until the early part of this month. Dr. W. G. Fralich, who operated on the big negro's right hand recently, forbids him to tackle the hard punching bags until the

wound has healed permanently. Wills is anxious to get going, as he has bouts scheduled with Bartley Madden and one or two others, before he joins the Rickard extravaganza.

Jimmy Russo, of Grand Rapids, Mich., looks like a corking bantam prospect. He showed good form two weeks ago when he took Willie O'Connell into camp.

Another ex-amateur performer is going great guns in the pro ranks. We refer to Jack Snyder, of Brownsville. He continued his series of victories on April 3, when he trounced Buck Josephs.

Johnny Keyes has added Joe Scogni, Harlem welter, to his string. Guiseppi looks like the goods.

There is no stopping Sonny Smith, big hearted Clarence Gillespie's pride and joy. Sonny upset the dope a few weeks ago when he annihilated Pete Sarimiento. Only a few days ago he whipped Sammy Tobin.

John O'Brien is priming Lew Perfetti for a shot at either Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro. Over the short stretch of a year and a half the tiny Italian has scored thirty-one straight wins.

Another hard worker for the Alliance has been Andy Neiderreiter, matchmaker of the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club.

Old Ben Rosenthal postal cards from Milan, Italy, that he is living the life of Riley. Ben got together a nifty bankroll last summer on the race courses and he is spending it to his heart's delight.

Tom McArdle says the job of matchmaker is not all peaches and cream. After he blew the Greb-Delaney bout, Tom went on a still hunt for several other good bouts for the opening of the Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn, but he just couldn't make the grade. He's going to keep on trying or die in the attempt.

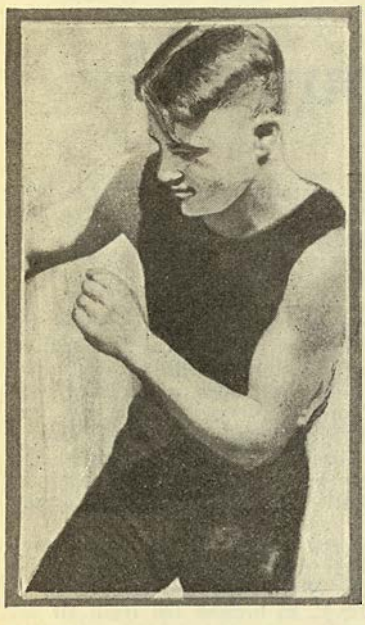
Abe Goldstein has been trying to emulate Benny Leonard behind the footlights. He is picking up some loose change before he dons the mitts again this summer. Wise young bird!

The junior-lightweight crown that adorns the noble cranium of the veteran Johnny Dundee, is due for a fearful eruption. Never before has a champion been swarmed with more opposition than this same ring-worn and ring-wise Dundee at the present time.

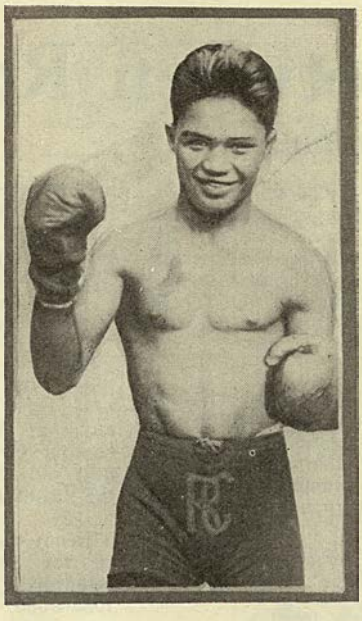
Kid Kaplan, of Meriden, Conn., is of rough and ready mauling style who will give Dundee considerable trouble. Sammy Mandell of Chicago and Sid Terris of New York, two of the fastest speedsters, are only youngsters, but could in all probability outspeed Johnny to a decision. Eddie (Kid) Wagner of Philadelphia has already beaten Dundee in Philadelphia, and is rated with the leaders. Others in the foreground who are rapidly gaining on the headliners are: Lew Paluso; Harry (Kid) Brown; Carl Duane; Johnny Leonard; Bobby Garcia; Eddie Brady; Joe Glick; Joey Silvers; Tony Vaccarelli and Johnny Kochansky.

Willie Herman of Paterson, N. J., who is also the lightweight champion of the entire state, is seeking a little information regarding his status among the various 135 pound mittsters. Willie numbers many leading lights in the ranks of his victims.

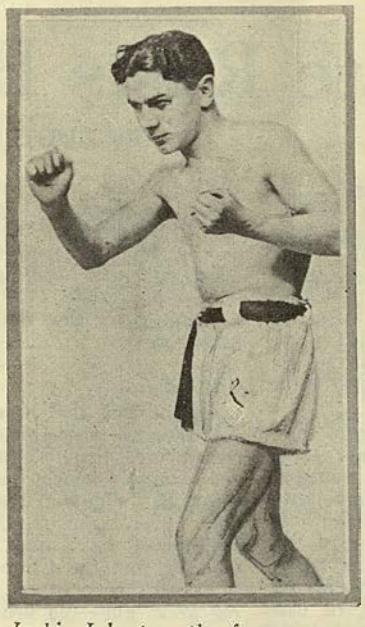
Freddy Locke, the energetic Ridgewood Grove battler, who is improving with each start, has added a knockout punch to his fistic repertoire. In his last starts Locke has rocked four opponents to sleep, and Lew Niederreiter, who is handling his affairs, is gaining confidence in his sturdy mittster.



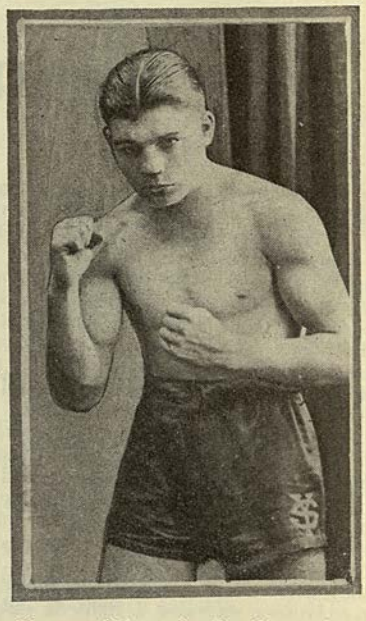
Battling Kelly, a good feather-weight, who has met the leading men in his division



Rufe Canon, one of latest Filipino fistic sensations



Jackie Johnston, the former amateur bantamweight champion, who has turned pro



Manny (Young) Sharkey, challenger for the bantamweight championship

Mickey Walker says Joe Degnan is going to manage him. In other words Joe has been promoted. He used to be Mickey's secretary. Degnan steps in the late Jack Bulger's shoes.

John O'Brien has dug up an Italian heavyweight. He weighs around 216 pounds. Couldn't understand John's brogue trying to give us his name.

Mannie Seamon has mapped out a vigorous campaign for Lew Hurley. He'll have him near the top in the bantam division.

One of the likeliest feathers developed in recent years is Bobby Garcia. Although a Mexican Indian by birth, Garcia is now a full-fledged citizen. He expects to challenge Johnny Dundee and hopes to get a shot at the veteran. Garcia has defeated a number of good boys.

Got to hand it to old Bill Sullivan, the untiring recording secretary of the National Sports Alliance. He has been working his head off since the reorganization. No one gets by him.

In looking over the 130 pound crop of pugilists, we can select six outstanding contenders seeking a bout with Johnny. The peer of them is Benny Valger, the "French Flash," who has been seeking a titular match in three classes for over five years. Benny maintains that he can make 126 lbs. and be strong enough to emerge the champion.

Jack Snyder, the undefeated Brooklyn bantam, who is gaining considerable prestige with each succeeding contest added the scalp of Bobby Wolgast of Philadelphia, to his list of victims in one of the preliminaries to the Lynch-Goldstein contest at the Garden.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz, east side's representative for flyweight titular honors, is rapidly working himself into a secure position for leading contender to Pancho Villa's title. The fighting Corporal recently defeated Al Felder and Johnny Breslin in his last two starts.

Jack Bernstein of Yonkers, belongs to the top rung of challengers through the medium of two victories already scored over Dundee.

A newcomer who answers to the name of Bert Harris, has arrived in our midst and threatens to create trouble for our so-called contenders for the featherweight crown. Bert has already participated in 170 battles, losing only four decisions. The majority of his campaigning has been confined to both England and the Dominion of Canada.

Marty Summers, well known east side welterweight contender, is exploiting the ability of a younger brother, Jackie.

Willie Beecher, one of the past decade of first class lightweights, is still reserving his energies to the uplift of pugilism. Willie has devoted his efforts to developing budding talent, and for this cause has opened a high class up-to-date gymnasium in the Brownsville part of Brooklyn, catering mostly to the amateur products.

Joey Kaufman of Coney Island, who recently returned from the mid-west, has settled down to hard work in order to re-establish himself in local fistic circles. Joey made a big hit around Chicago.

BROADCASTING FROM LOUISVILLE

By RAY

Harry Fay, peer of any middleweight that has ever shown in Louisville, continues in his winning way. His latest victim was Johnny Gill. The latter showed that he had plenty of experience, but it takes more than that to best a boy like Fay.

Charley Jones is mapping out a busy summer campaign for Fay. Some of the boys that he has in mind are Roy Wallace, Paul Berlenbach, Tony Downey, and Young Stribling. Charley is receiving offers daily for Fay, but is turning most of them down, not wishing to rush his protege.

Louisville will soon be a regular boxing town and will soon produce some good boys. The manufacturers are putting gymnasiums in their plants and employ local boxers as instructors.

The Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. is the leader in this line, having just opened a new $10,000 gym and recreation building and has eight boxers in their employ.

Frankie Porto is having an unusual run of bad luck. He had not less than six bouts cancelled. It is no fault of Frankie, as he sure gives the fans a run for their money any time he starts.

Joe Elrene scored another win, beating Joe Dillon of Indianapolis. Elrene is sure one of the sockingest little fellows in the game and it takes dynamite to make him shake his head.

The Kentucky Athletic Club held its first show on April 1, using heavyweights for the main go. The bouts were very good with the exception of that between Joe McCann of Newark, and Tiny Jim Herman of Omaha. McCann can't or wouldn't fight a nickel's worth and Herman was so far out of condition that it was impossible for him to do much fighting.

The Southern Athletic Club Derby will have an inter-sectional affair between Sammy Mandell of Chicago, and Jack Bernstein of New York, the junior lightweight champ.

H. Bowsher of Indianapolis, is the most popular manager that has ever hit these parts. He always brings in boys who can fight. Perhaps that is the reason. Henry is going into the promotion end of the game this summer. He's a square shooter, so don't hesitate, fellows, if he offers you any bouts.

Joe Moore, Billy Cecil and Frankie Porto are hard at work getting into top shape for bouts that are scheduled for the near future.

Results of bouts hereabouts:

Frankie Porto defeated Jackie Dugan, 10 rounds; Soldier Buck defeated Eddie Staton, 10 rounds; Harry Fay defeated Tommy Billiards, 12 rounds; Mike Kearney drew with Johnny Carson, 8 rounds; Jack Ranch defeated Billy Hirsch, 10 rounds; Harry Fay defeated Johnny Gill, 12 rounds; Frankie Porto drew with Jackie Dugan, 10 rounds; Joe Elrene defeated Joe Dillon, 8 rounds; Johnny Mack defeated Jack Ranch, 10 rounds; Tiny Jim Herman defeated Joe McCann, 10 rounds; Soldier Buck K.O.'d Joe Walters, 6 rounds; Larry Avera defeated Jimmy Cox, 10 rounds.

NEWS OF ATLANTIC GA.

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Young Stribling, the uncrowned light-heavyweight champion by his showing against McTigue in their last meeting, in Newark, has strengthened his drawing power, and is the biggest attraction amongst the big timers. Stribling is scheduled to fight here April 29. His opponent will most likely be Andy Kid Palmer of Philadelphia, and the Southern A. C. will stage the fight. Stribling's last showing here with Billy Shade was a record-breaker, the house going over $11,000.

Next in drawing popularity to Stribling is Lew Silver, who is undisputed featherweight champion of the South. Silver, who is a dental student at a local college, has been laid up with a bad shoulder for the past several weeks. An effort is being made by the Southern A. C. to secure a suitable opponent for the dental student. A Lew Silver-Johnny Dundee match would be a tremendous attraction here. Silver has been compelled to go out of his class to get work, having been meeting legitimate lightweights, although Silver never scales over 128.

Much has been written about Jimmy Finley hereabouts. Finley, who claims the welterweight championship of the South. His press agent no doubt has overlooked the fact that Larry Avera, who scales 140 pounds, gave Finley a trimming, carrying off the referee's decision not so very long ago. Avera journeyed over to Louisville, Ky., recently and eliminated Jimmy Cox in a fast ten-round bout, carrying off the scribes' verdict.

The boxing game is drawing well here, due to the fact that the newly organized Boxing Commission has been active in looking after matters in a businesslike manner. The Commission inaugurated a rule that no more fly-by-night promoters are permitted to promote shows here.

Walk Miller, manager of Tiger Flowers, the colored southpaw, is still pulling shows. The other promoters, Holt Gewinner and Eric Nelson, who are at the head of the Southern A. C., are wide awake live young business men and know their stuff. With these three young business men at the head of the boxing game, and with the help of the Boxing Commission, the boxing game should prosper here this year.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES

By HUGH SHANNON

Jimmy Slattery never looked better than when he slugged Fay Keiser into insensibility within three rounds at the Queensberry Athletic Club's show here on March 31. Slattery appeared stronger than ever and really made a big impression with his friends and with the critics by stopping Keiser than he did in winning over Young Stribling. The Slattery-Keiser fight was full of thrills and Keiser tried every minute of the way but he was a baby in the hands of the sharp hitting Slattery, who soon sent him to slumberland.

There is much talk of Slattery getting a shot in New York with Young Stribling but it is not likely they will meet again in a six round bout as Stribling was much dissatisfied with the verdict here and claims he can whip Slats in a longer fight. Slattery, in the form he showed against Keiser, will give Stribling more trouble than he did heretofore.

Tommy Ryan, like Slattery, has reached a point where it is hard to get opponents to box him. Ryan, now making Buffalo his home, may give Buffalo two champions and possibly we may have three titleholders before another year has gone by. Frankie Schoell can whip all the welters; Ryan can be bantam champion anytime he gets Goldstein in the ring and Slattery looks like the next middleweight or light-heavyweight champion.

Ryan has plenty of big offers from New York and will be in the limelight in the big open air shows this summer.

Frankie Schoell and Dave Shade are to meet here soon and the winner will probably get a title match with Mickey Walker. It's hard to figure out how Walker will avoid a meeting with the winner of this contest. It's a cinch Schoell and Shade are the chief runners-up for the welter crown.

Frankie Muzdy, Buffalo flyweight, won the judges' decision over Allen Homes at Toronto, Canada, on March 31. Muzdy is a classy boy and will go higher.

Jimmy Goodrich and Harry Cook boxed a draw and double windup staged by the Velodrome Club, March 26. Both bouts were keenly contested.

Rocky Kansas and Johnny Dundee are to box for the Velodrome Club here an April 21. They have met many times but the bout will attract a great house and should be a hummer in every respect.

Louis Stegmeier, promising local middleweight, has been laid up with a sprained wrist but will soon get going again. Stegmeier looks like a great prospect.

Art Weygand, the Buffalo Berlenbach, is knocking 'em out with such regularity that he has made a card out of himself. He stopped Chief Halftown in a round and then proceeded to knock out Allentown Dundee in two rounds. His next opponent will be either Vince Coffey or Soldier Bartfield. Art should flatten either of this pair.

Willie Cunningham, from the Cold Spring section, is another lad who is a good fighter and crowd pleaser. He is under the management of Red Carr and Carr thinks the kid is a coming champion.

Johnny Kozlowski knocked out Charlie Thompson in two rounds at the Queensberry Club. The Polish boy is packing a wicked punch these days.

TRI-STATE NOTES

By M. FRANK PRENDERGAST

(Cumberland Evening Times)

The Fort Cumberland Post, American Legion, took a Legislative decision over the Maryland State Boxing Commission when it put over the five per cent. reduction tax measure for all boxing shows staged by the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and National Guards. The service men will now give but five per cent. of their gross proceeds to the state commission. The State tax law in its original draft stipulated 10 per cent. for all boxing shows and the amendment of the service men was fought bitterly in the Legislature but was successfully put over by Delegate Rudolph Nickel of Frostburg who said five cents on the dollar was enough,—and the Nickel platform carried.

"Funny" Newman, Fort Cumberland Post promoter, drew a laugh from the fight fans in Cumberland, Md., with his last American Legion show at the Maryland Theatre. K. O. Yutzy, the mauling Meyersdale miner, maltreated "Fearless" Malley, of Akron, Ohio, in six rounds in the main go. Yutzy who fought Young Xeny, the Pittsburgh Dental student, a ten round draw at Indiana, Pa., recently, started right back on his kayo record by taking all Malley handed out and then putting over the sleep producer in the sixth.

Joe Cifala, Cumberland Bantam, gave six rounds to Young Hana of Frostburg in the preliminary and then fought the Mountain City boy to a fast draw. Cifala continues to be the best prospect in the bantam class in this section.

K. O. Yutzy, is perhaps the best welterweight to show up in the local ring since the sport got back on its feet. Yutzy, after holding Xeny to a draw, stopped Malley and then took a decision from Jimmy Muche of Youngstown, a good boy in the middle-west.

Two knockouts in a week spelled the doom of Fay Keiser, conqueror of Bob Martin. Keiser was the loser on a knockout to Harry Greb, middleweight champion, at the Fourth Regiment Armory, Baltimore, on Monday, March 24. On March 31 he took the count in three rounds when Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo conqueror of Young Stribling, battered him to the resin.

The Greb-Keiser fight drew the largest gate on record in Baltimore about $9,860, several hundred dollars more than was taken in at the Benny Schwartz-Pancho Villa fight last fall.

Johnny Buff, former bantam and flyweight champion, and Benny Schwartz drew only $1,700 in their bout at the Fourth Regiment Armory the week before the Greb-Keiser mill.

Snyder is the sombreroed spider of the fight game,—trying all the time. For years he has been trying to get a heavyweight champion fight to Cumberland but the "powers-that-be" say that it "Shelby" not so, the Chamber of Commerce voicing protest against his activities to get Rickard here. The Reformers, too, following the flood of a few weeks back, may throw water on Snyder's dreams.

"Wild Bill" Reed and Joe Lohman who fought twice in Cumberland are to meet again in Harrisburg, Pa., with Matchmaker "Funny" Newman putting on the show for the Central Pennsylvania A. C. This will be their sixth meeting, Lohman having won on points in four and Reed taking the honors in one. But "Bill" always manages to make things interesting for the Toledo heavyweight.

Youngstown, Ohio, is setting new records for its fight crowds. The Jimmy Jones-Morrie Schlaifer bout drew $9,057.90 recently. The largest previous gate was at Wright field, July 4, 1917 when $8,485 was paid in at an open air show. The Jones-Padgett mill drew $5,432 and stood as the top indoor figure for a year when Carl Tremaine and Rosey Stoy packed them in to the tune of $5,640 on the cash register. These bouts drew capacity houses and Youngstown promoters, especially Mick Stambaugh, are looking about for a larger auditorium.

FROM BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

On March 21, at Monterrey, Mexico, Frankie McFarland of San Antonio, Texas, and Sonny Wallace (negro) also of San Antonio, put on a twelve-round battle that, according to newspaper reports, was very unsatisfactory. McFarland received the referee's decision.

April 12, Tommy White is scheduled to battle in Tampico, Mexico, the oil city. White will tangle with Battling Chico, the El Paso welterweight.

Mike Vasquez, the fiery little featherweight of Jaurez, Mexico, is scheduled to fight Frankie McFarland in Mexico City some time the latter part of April. The bull fight season is over in the Republic now and the coming star fistic attractions carded for the Mexican capital city are expected to draw capacity houses.

Aurellio Cavozoz, the mayor of Neuvo Laredo, Mexico, has given Don Curley and Gregorio Ganzales of San Antonio, Texas, permission to use the plaza de teros (bull ring) of the border city for the purpose of staging boxing shows through the summer months. Curley and Ganzales will swing into action by the last of April by showing the twin cities of Laredo some high-class fight attractions. Tommy White, Mike Vasquez, Joe Rivers (of Arizona), Jack Fowler, McFarland, Kid Pancho, Rabbit Palmer, Chuck Burns and other star Southwestern mit wielders will be starred throughout the summer in the Nuevo Laredo Bull Ring.

Fort McIntosh, Texas (on the border near Laredo) will also hold summer fight shows, probably under the direction of Lieutenant E. E. Cox of the cavalry post. Matamoras, Mexico, another border city, will also open their bull ring to fighting as will Peadris Negres, across the river from Eagle Pass, Texas.

Jim Irwin, of El Paso, is also swinging back into line and will start showing Juarez, Mexico, and El Paso fans some high class shows in the huge Juarez bull ring.

The North of Mexico and Southwestern part of the U. S. A. is crowded with good boxing talent, all rearing to go.

Jack Willis of San Antonio, Texas, is a good card in Mexico City.

Kid Pancho of San Antonio, Texas, the flyweight and bantam champion of the republic by virtue of his defeating Pinkie Urquide of Juarez, last winter in Monterrey, will probably be seen in action against some good opponent in Monterrey again or Tampico, providing a good opponent can be induced to meet him.

Kid (Flores) Pancho is a clean cut little Spanish lad, who has fought practically every flyweight and bantamweight of note in the United States and the San Antonio Kid has yet to see his twentieth birthday. Pancho numbers among his past opponents, Pal Moore (2), Dick Griffin, Bobby Hughs, Georgie Lee, Tony Norman, Tony Marino, Tim O'Dowd, Babe Asher and a host of other well known lights of the bantam brigade.

Baldemero Romero is stirring about in Mexico City getting ready to stage some big fights, and Freeman Bernstein, who started some big boxing enterprises in Mexico, D. F., before the season closed last year, is expected back to take charge of the Fronton in Mexico City for the purpose of holding big bouts.

Battling Kuhns, the tough hard-hitting middle and light heavyweight of Shreveport, is under the tutelage of Don Curley of San Antonio, Texas. The addition of Kuhns to the Curley stable makes his the most complete outfit of good fighters in the Southwest of the States and Mexico. Don Curley challenges any lightweight or middleweight in the world for his two star battlers, Tommy White and Battling George Kuhns.

White in the past eighteen months has fought Basil Galiano, Bobby Greene, Billy McCann, Sid Kid Flake, Battling Chico, Jack Willis, Kid Allen, Joe Brown, Jimmy Dundee, Mercy Montez and many others of the top-notchers, and Tommy has the long end of wins, many of them being knockouts to his credit. Battling Kuhns has fought Young Stribling (2), Harry Foley (3), and practically every other well knewn middle and light heavyweight in the southern part of the States.

BALTIMORE GOSSIP

By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

When Joe Dundee stepped into the ring with Andy Chaney at the Gayety Theatre on April 2, Baltimore fans looked for a repetition of the mill several years ago when Dundee was battered into submission. But Joe put that performance out of his mind and kept his attention on the work ahead. From the fourth round on Chaney was on the defensive and had the scrap been scheduled for fifteen rounds instead of twelve, it is doubtful that it would have gone the limit. Chaney has about reached the limit of his pugilistic life and he should retire now before he reaches the has-been class.

Harry Greb, the Pittsburgh Wildcat, made his initial appearance here before the Olympic A. C., and stopped Fay Keiser in the 12th round of their bout. Keiser never had a chance, and had Greb been more aggressive he could have terminated the one-sided affair much sooner.

Just when Sammy Harris was figuring on putting his welterweight, Charlie Baum, in star bouts, Freddie Kelley threw a monkey wrench into the machinery and trimmed Baum in the semi-windup to the Dundee-Chaney mill. Baum seems to be an inconsistent boxer who fights like a champion one week and a second-rater the next.

Nate Carp is still after Little Jeff, but Jeff is taking a well-earned vacation after a strenuous winter's work. Besides, Jeff was recently married and he isn't anxious to get back into the ring right away.

Benny Schwartz also is taking a lay-off. Benny was on the receiving end of two bad decisions in his fights with Little Jeff and Johnny Buff and the little flyweight probably became somewhat discouraged.

Les Sponsler, who succeeded Max Waxman as matchmaker at the Gayety Theatre, has been offering the patrons some wonderful matches. Sponsler has the happy faculty of matching boys who are about equal, thereby assuring the fans well contested bouts. While there are times the decisions don't seem to meet with public approval it's an interesting fact that the newspaper writers are as widely separated in their choices of the winner as the fans and judges.

George Chaney is about to re-enter the ring after his short retirement. Looks as though George will mingle with Joe Dundee, and this bout will sure pack any hall in Baltimore.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

After a few weeks of inactivity, Boston joined the other cities on the New England circuit and from now on things will "hum" here in the pugilistic line.

The Shevlin-Ward bout drew a capacity crowd and they were rewarded by witnessing a thrilling scrap, the veteran Shevlin's aggressiveness earned him the edge in the first part of the contest, but Ward's youth and stamina carried him to victory in the last half of the bout. Shevlin, with a record of fifteen years in the ring, continues to be one of the marvels hereabouts, but the "old boy" has lost too much speed to cope with the speed boys. Ward, too, has lost some of the "old pep," but for all that they are a credit to their profession.

The Jack Sharkey-Eddie Record bout was a real bone-crushing affair. The veteran Record's experience earned him the award. These boys will meet again and tickets will be at a premium.

Bob Lowrey, the fighting Scot, halted the comeback of old Nate Siegel in a torrid bout here, and by so doing, put himself in line for some "real" money. Siegel gave his same old exhibition of courage and he is, without a doubt, one of the gamest boxers New England has produced in years.

Some bouts in the "incubator" for Boston fans in the immediate future are Tansey Norton-Eddie Shevlin, Harry Greb-Kid Norfolk, Jock Malone-Augie Ratner, Jackie Clark-Hambone Kelley and a few others, so Bostonians are well taken care of in the boxing line.

Cecil Dodge, the hustling matchmaker of the Moody A. C. of Lowell, has been offering the spindle city fans some big league cards. His club always has the old S. R. O. sign out.

The Union A. A. of New Bedford, is another club that has done much for boxing in Southeastern Massachusetts. Chick Suggs, Charley Manty, Al Shubert and Bobby Dyson are the magnets that attract the fans here regardless of whom their opponents may be.

The Casino A. C. of Lynn, Jack Murphy, matchmaker, is an organization that offers the shoe city fans some high-class shows from week to week. Johnny Sheppard, Teddy Joyce, Billy Murphy and Tommy Nee are great favorites with the shoemakers.

The Lake A. C., of Worcester; Businessmen's A. C., of Lewiston, Maine, and Pinetree A. C., of Portland, Maine, are other clubs that are doing much to keep boxing on a high plane in this section.

Doc Almy, the genial boxing writer of the Boston Post, is answering boxing queries in his paper and by so doing, is enlightening a lot of fans who otherwise would be in the dark as to some of the rules governing legalized boxing. Doc's column has aroused favorable criticism from fans, boxers and managers alike.

Tommy Nee, the idol of South Boston, has received an offer for a series of bouts on the coast. Fred Wiederhold, his manager, is considering the offer, in the meantime he is trying to find some of the local bantams with nerve enough to meet his battler, for since Tommy polished off Johnny Sheppard at Lynn, they have been fighting shy of him.

Henry Ford, the North End boy, who is going well again, is once more managed by Tommy McFarland, who brought him from the amateurs to main bouts, bad advice retarded him, but with Tommy at the helm, Fordie will get going again.

Marty Cordes, former New England Amateur Champion, who quit the "simon pures," won his sixth straight bout at Lynn recently. He is a great performer.

Steve Gustin, the South Boston featherweight, who was one of the boxers who represented America at the last Olympic Games, has been on the shelf with bad hands, but is getting ready to start again. He is one of the toughest boys of his inches in New England.

Johnny Pobuk, the Fall River welterweight, whom Fred Wiederhold is grooming for big things, is another boxer who has been halted by bad hands. He hits with terrific force which accounts for this condition.

The Massachusetts Boxing Commission, that admirable body of men who have brought order out of chaos in the boxing game hereabouts, are always working to protect the boxers and fans. Here is one commission that insists that the referee is in command once a bout gets under way and that he should be held accountable for what happens inside the hempen square.

MONTREAL FISTIC GOSSIP

By RIGHT CROSS.

Promoter Tom Duggan who has made a big success of the national game of hockey looks he will get in bad with the sport loving fans of this city and in fact the entire Dominion by his announcement that he will stage a decision bout toward the latter part of May between Jack Renault and the much despised Jack Johnson.

Renault, formerly a member of the Montreal Police department, has shown his ability as a ring man. His victory over the much touted Floyd Johnson at the Garden three months ago having boosted his stock with Canadian sportsmen. The colored boxer however by his actions during the Homer Smith fight (?) here ten weeks ago did more to kill professional boxing than any other action and it would not be surprising to see the duly authorized commissioners refusing the necessary permit for the intended match. As THE RING'S last issue pointed out, the former champion is done, both in the ring and out of it.

Can you imagine the sporting fans of the largest city in the entire Dominion of Canada being deprived of professional boxing for a month. It is hardly conceivable, but 'tis true, neverthelesss.

The fight staged by Jack Johnson and Homer Smith and which was dealt with at length in the last issue of THE RING, did more to injure pro fistics than perhaps any thing else, but the appearance of Kid Jack Wolfe, of Cleveland in his championship (?) bout with Kid Roy of this city March 12 was another of these affairs, that threw the game on to the ropes and left it there gasping for air and taking the count, so to speak.

There was a time when this same Kid Wolfe was a mighty good mitt artist, but those days have gone forever. It would not have been quite so bad had the U. S. delegate to what eventually turned out to be a travesty had shown his form (or want of it) in a preliminary canter, permitting the fans who pay the freight to get a line on his ability. But coming into the city a comparatively few hours before time set for the bout, traveling out of town to take in a hockey match and then jumping into the ring against Roy, hog-fat, slow and cumbersome, did more to write "finis" than perhaps Johnson was guilty of.

The least said about the featured event (on the program), the better for the game and those who are slowly strangling it. Wolfe was scared to death. Roy was off color and form. The combination made the match a wretched one and when one has to chronicle the fact—and it was a fact—that fans yawned at intervals, then surely there's something radically wrong!

It may be the sportsmen of Montreal do not desire professional boxing, but from past records, there is a big field for a live wire promoter to step in and although he would lose money for the first three or four shows, until fandom recognized his worth, the chances are that he would make a clean-up, financially and otherwise. New York is only a night ride from Montreal, while other large American centers are easily reached, so the present promoters while making excuses, have actually none to offer.

Lovers of genuine boxing have been hoaxed so often that perhaps it would be taking a mighty long chance to endeavor to resuscitate the sport, but this writer has been in correspondence with two impresarios of note who are anxious to step in and take hold. There are rumors that the august commission would not issue a permit to an outsider, but Montrealers have so long proven to the world of sport that they are out for the clean and genuine article and willing to pay for it, that the whisperings of the powers of the rulers should be taken with a pinch of salt.

Show us a city of a million people where boxing is a dead art and we'll show you a city that is 'way behind the times. And never has Montreal been so slandered and never will. That there is something wrong is all too plain. Let's find the flea in the ointment; let's get down to rock bottom, and clean up.

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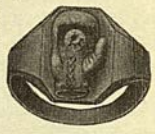

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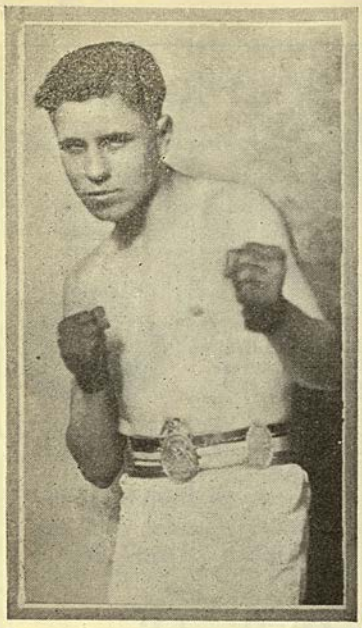
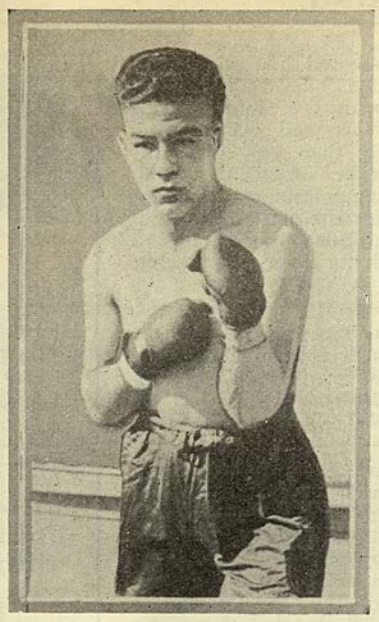
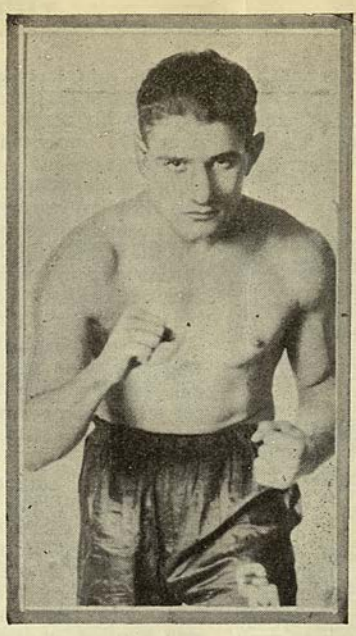


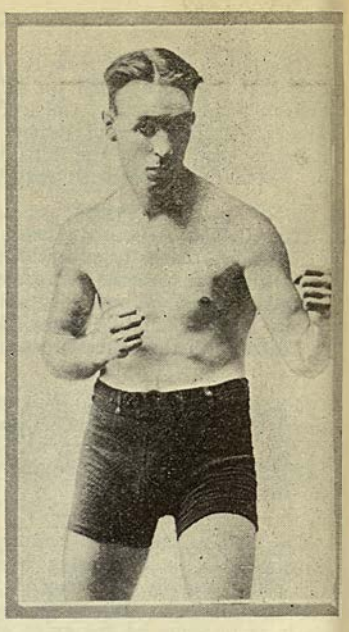
Johnny Hamm, Pittsburgh's latest sensation of the flyweight ranks



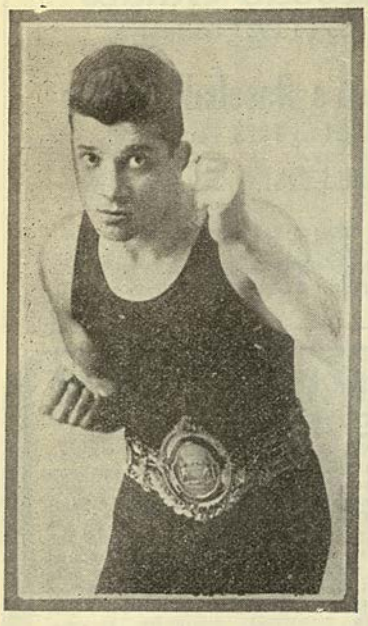
Sailor Vasquez, the lightweight champion of the Navy



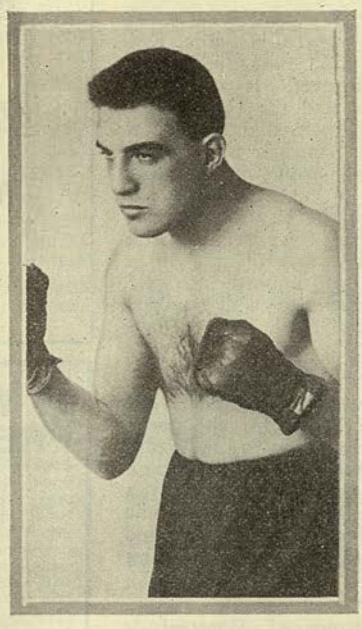
Georgie Marks, the bantamweight champion of the Pacific Coast



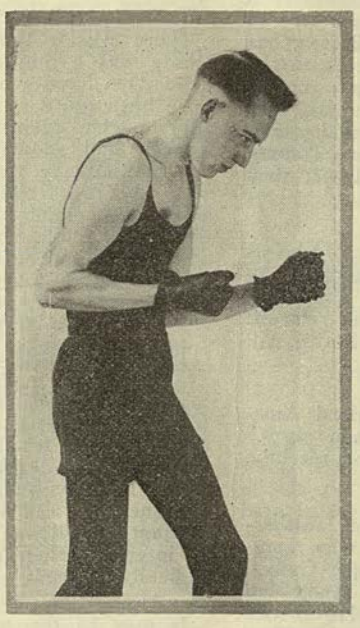
Willie Kohler, the veteran Brooklyn featherweight



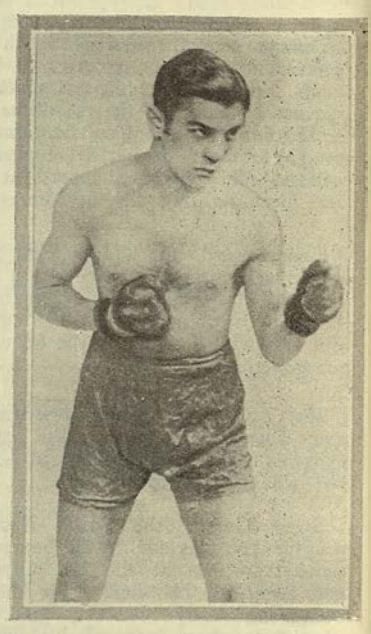
Johnny Brown, the bantamweight champion of Europe and holder of the Lonsdale belt



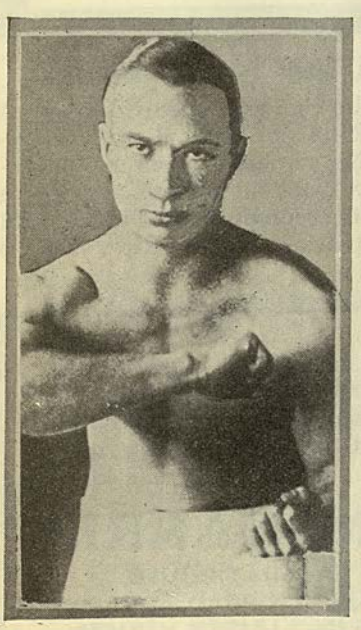
Pat Walsh, the Cincinnati middleweight, is fighting in great form at the present time



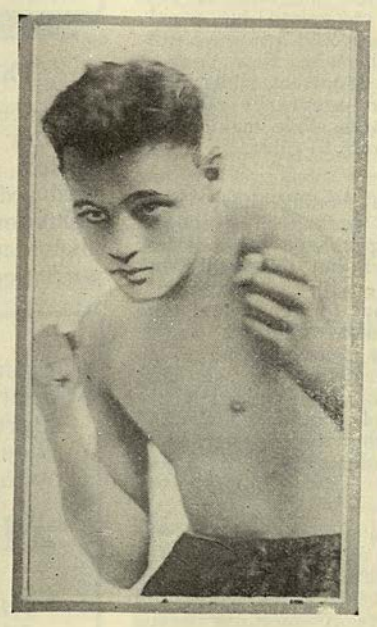
Sailor Butler, Canadian featherweight, who is anxious to meet any of the leading men in his class



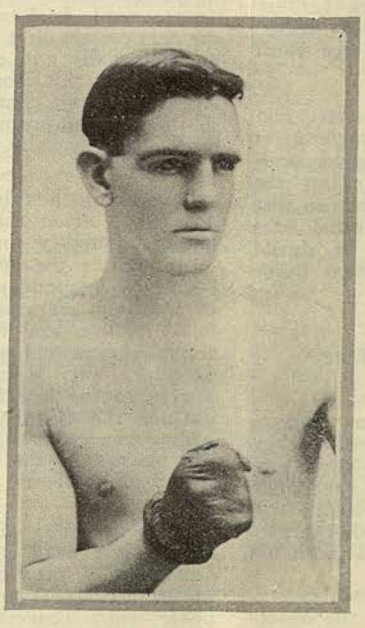
Frankie Porto, a featherwetght from McKeesport, Pa., has met all of the leading men in his class



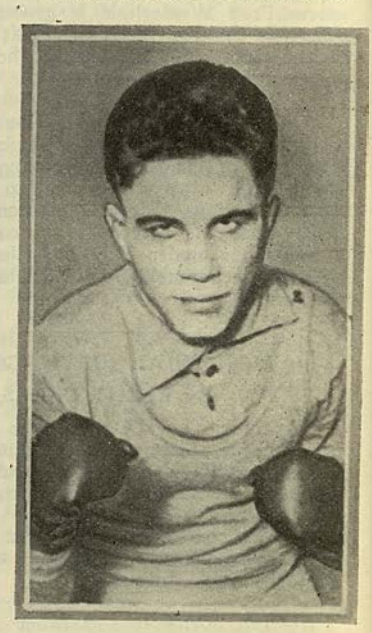
Curt Prenzil, middleweight champion of Germany, who is here looking for American dollars



Johnny Campbell, the Brooklyn welterweight, who recently returned from the West



Jack Lynch, of Phoenix, Ariz., who compiled a great record out West. Lynch is in New York now



Eddie Shea, featherweight of Chicago, who is attracting much attention

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By Ross E. Kauffman
(The North American)

George Godfrey, the negro heavyweight in James Dougherty's stable, is to be sent after all the big game in the country. "The Baron of Leiperville" claims that nothing would please him better than to get Harry Wills in the same ring with Godfrey.

Joe Smith, the aggressive manager of Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia middleweight, is the proud father of a brand new daughter. Joe now has a family of four children.

Philadelphia's newest boxing club, the Armory A. A., recently opened in the Second Regiment Armory in North Phillie. Jack Laken is the matchmaker. A rule of the club provides that the referee and the announcer shall appear in evening clothes. The armory has a seating capacity of 8,000.

Sidney Barrett, a younger brother of Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights lightweight, has decided to make a bid for amateur honors in the 112-pound class. "Sid" works out with Bobby and has shown plenty of talent.

In Captain Davis the University has one of the best 145-pound amateurs in the country. He won the Intercollegiate title in the championships staged at Penn State College. Davis may make a bid for Olympic honors.

Whitey Fitzgerald, the popular West Philadelphia battler, is staging a real comeback. He was out of the ring for more than a year and celebrated his return to the sport by gaining a decision at the Adelphia.

Lew Tendler claims that he is through as a lightweight and in the future will be in the welterweight class. Tendler admits that it is too much work to get down to the 135-pound limit, but he believes that by coming in at the welterweight poundage he will be able to make trouble for all the boys, including Mickey Walker.

It is hinted that Leon Rains, former manager and promoter of the Olympic and Arena, will soon return to the boxing game. Those on the inside say that Rains has something big in view in the way of promotion.

Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia middleweight, who boxes in the light heavyweight class very frequently when he cannot get "middles" to meet him, is assured of a number of important spring and summer bouts by his manager, Joe Smith. They are already talking about a Loughran-Stone bout for the open air season.

Jimmy Kelly is one of the latest featherweight comers in Phillie. He is being handled by Luke McAnanny, one of the best lightweights of his day in the Quaker City and since then a successful boxing instructor.

Bob Deady, known as a promoter of professional and amateur bouts, has decided to stage amateur bouts at his theatre for the remainder of the season and is being assisted by Adam Ryan, the former fighter.

Billy Richie, a South Philadelphia lightweight, is getting himself in shape for the spring and summer season.

Muggsy Taylor has received any number of fancy offers for Bobby Wolgast, his clever bantamweight. Wolgast, who divides his time betweene Philadelphia and Atlantic City, has fought all the leading bantams and looks for new worlds to conquer.

Harry Gimble, a promising Philadelphia fighter, has recovered from an injury to his

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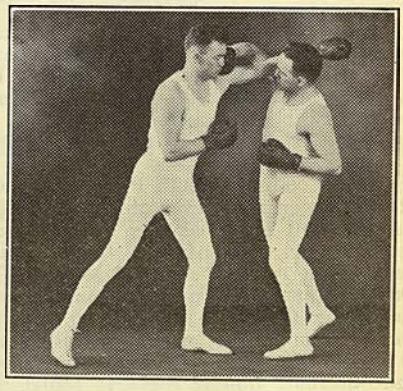

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ankle and has resumed training. He plans a number of spring and summer bouts.

Duke Kelly has taken Benny Paschal under his wing. His first bout under Kelly's management was with Steve Nitchie, in Lancaster, where he made a good showing.

Boxing bouts at Bridgeport, Pa., which is just across the river from Norristown, are proving more popular every week. Many of the fighters are Philadelphia boys.

Johnny Burns, aside from being busy with promoting his weekly bouts at the Cambria Club, in northeast Philadelphia, is also receiving many offers for Nate Goldman, his sensational lightweight, who started the new year off with a victory over Lew Tendler.

Eddie (Kid) Furman, West Philadelphia High School student, is ready for a fling with the 145 profession punchers. He has won a number of bouts in amateur ranks.

One of the most promising boxers on the University of Pennsylvania team this year was Chuck Robb, the football end. This is his first year in the sport and he has turned in some nifty performances. His home is in Cleveland. He boxes in the 135-pound class.

Open air bouts in South Philadelphia will be put on bigger than ever this summer. The Shetzline Ball Park has been leased by a new promoter and one of the feature windups planned is a meeting between Mike McTigue, world's light heavyweight champion, and Ad Stone, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's fighting marine. Stone is going great guns, as was proven in his recent bout with Frankie Britton, up-state, Stone finishing him in the first round.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

By George Hussey

Jack Dempsey, world's champion, arrived here looking none the worse after his operation. He was introduced at Doyle's Vernon Club and received the big hand, as he always does. The big fellow will make a few pictures which will net him a cool million berries. He is doing light training and will be as fit as a new pin. Jack always works in the gym out here, as he likes to keep down weight.

Little Joe Burman, who was near the championship a few years ago, will have to show a little more stuff to reach the heights again. Dandy Dick Griffin held him to a draw at Vernon. Burman was a heavy favorite and the wise ones were hit hard. Many a good Eastern boy has flopped here in the four-round game, which is a tough one.

Mushy Callahan, the Newsboy, who three months ago was a preliminary boy, is now a top liner. He has the class and for a little fellow has a punch that will make any of the boys in his class taste rosin. He has yet to lose a bout, and that is going some for a green boy.

Pancho Villa, flyweight champion, received a big hand when introduced at Vernon. He was much impressed with the way the four-rounders showed speed. When he was introduced to Jim Jeffries, he said, "Oh, Gee!" I don't blame him, for Jim is as small as a mountain.

One-Eyed Connelly does not have to crash the gates at the local shows any more. He has the freedom of all the local gates. That he does not like, and says he loses his pep. He is starting to train, as he says he has a busy season ahead of him. He will go east in the near future.

Bert Colima, the Coast middleweight champion, is going great right now. He beat George Manley and Jimmy Delaney recently and won hands down. Colima is the one big drawing card at the local clubs. He has class that counts.

Tom Jones (Cherokee Tom), who a few years ago was the manager of champions, is a busy person. Tom is behind the Culver City Club. He will put on weekly shows. In days gone by, Tom sure could count a house.

Wad Wadhams, Vernon Club matchmaker, is about the champion matchmaker of the world. Pleasing the fans is one hard task. Wadhams very seldom puts a bad card on. There must be something to his fights, as the house is sold out at every show, rain or shine.

Phil Salvidore is about ready to start again. He has had a good rest and that is what he needed. Phil is a classy boy and a crowd pleaser, and he will make many of the lightweights hustle from now on.

Joe Layman, classy Mexican lightweight, is still knocking them over. Joe fights as many as four fights a week. That is going some.

Joe Slocker, the lightweight, who a few months ago was a curtain raiser, is now boxing main events. He was the amateur champion for a few years and is a very hard boy to beat. He is game, and that counts for a lot in the game.

Jack Delaney, who stopped Paul Berlenbach's knockout record, will be a welcome guest to Bert Colima. Jack stopped Bert in his first start back East and Colima is crying for him for a return bout.

Johnny O'Donnell, of the Mike Collins stable, after a lay-off for a month, will hook up with Joe Benjamin in the near future. Those two boys put up two classy bouts, each winning one. They have nothing but class.

Earl Mohan, who has trained many of the old-time boys, is in pictures. He is making a hit. He does comedy stuff for Hal Roach and his pictures are going over big. He also refereees the bouts at the Lyceum Club on Saturday nights. Just can't keep away from the smelling salts.

CHICAGO NOTES

By Art Winch

Joe O'Hara, the Fort Dodge, Iowa, welterweight, is hot on the trail of Mickey Walker, the king pin of the welters. O'Hara came to Chicago about a year ago and made quite a record for himself. He fought Jack Britton, in the semi-final to the Mickey Walker-Morris Schliafer bout, here last year, and although he was shaded, he gave a good account of himself. He had the veteran on the floor in the second round. O'Hara's next bout will be with Billy Wells, the Englishman, at East Chicago, on April 18.

Jim Mullen, one of the leading promoters in this section of the country, will stage his first card at Aurora on May 1. It will be an all-star card. He will also run a card at East Chicago on April 23, with Mickey Walker and Joey O'Hara in the star attraction.

Charley White, the veteran lightweight, has left Chicago for the Coast. White has three fights booked out there. His first will be with Young Carmen, at Portland, Ore., on April 23. Ike Dorgan, his Eastern representative, has lined up several good matches for him.

Mickey Kramer, the sensational St. Louis featherweight, who recently came to Chicago to reside, is showing improved form since he came here. Kramer has won all of his bouts since his arrival and is under the management of Art Winch and Buck Montgomery.

Sammy Mandell, Rockford's sensational young fighter, made his entry into the lightweight class at East Chicago, March 24, taking on Mickey O'Dowd of Muncie, Indiana, the youngster who has been burning up the lightweight division around Chicago for the past six months. Fans and friends of Mandell were anxious to learn if he would lose any of his speed by taking on the additional weight, and Sammy has proved to them that he is just as fast as a lightweight as he was as a bantam.

This was Mandell's first fight in three months, and his foot work and famous left hand kept in motion like so many pistons, and he was indeed a revelation to the packed audience who watched him perform. Going a mile a minute clip during the entire distance, Mandell finished without taking a long breath. Jim Mullen, Aurora promoter, is trying hard to match Mandell and Charlie White for his opening show of the open air season, next month, and if this match is made, Mullen will open up with a sell-out house.

Bud Taylor, the little Terre Haute flash, returned from New York, where he made a special trip to challenge the winner of the Goldstein and Lynch championship contest, and feeels sure that if he can get a chance at the title, he will be the next bantamweight champion. Taylor is not alone in his belief, as everyone in the Western country thinks that the scrappy redhead can beat anyone in the 118-pound division.

Taylor is at home in Terre Haute, working for three matches: the first one with Al Pettingill, at Indianapolis; Pete Sarmeinto, at Milwaukee, and Earl McArthur, at Sioux City. From all indications, these two young stars of the Kane and Long office will put in the

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busiest summer of their careers, and don't be surprised to see both of them in the championship match before the summer is over.

Harold Smith, the local bantamweight, who made such a great hit with the fans in New York by his style of milling, will soon be ready to don the gloves again. Smith has been laid up with a bad knee and is working out daily in preparation for several matches his manager, Art Winch, has lined up for him.

Jimmy Anderson, the local welterweight, has just returned from a tour of the middle West. He won all of his bouts out there. The local fans would like to see a match between Anderson and Joey O'Hara.

George Butch, the St. Louis 122-pounder, has returned to the city. Manager Babe Mullany has several fights lined up for Butch, and he will be kept busy during the summer months.

Charley Glaser, local 122-pound star, is wondering why all of the local boys are ducking him. He is after a match with Joey Sangir, Ernie Goozeman or George Butch.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS

By Lew Diamond

Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantamweight champion, is back in his old time form. He recently defeated Harry Forbes at Columbus, Ohio, in a ten round bout. Buff lost to Johnny Lear at Hamilton, Ontario, on March 31, but he should have won. The crowd booed the decision for fully 20 minutes.

Phil Krug, of Newark, tamed the "Wild Bull," Joe McCartney, rugged middleweight. He knocked the slugging McCartney clean and cold to the canvas in the fourth round of a 10 round fight. Krug, who has not fought since his bout with K. O. Phil Kaplan, was in the pink of condition.

Mickey Donley, of Newark, was too ringwise for Willie Russell, also of Newark, and outpointed him in handy fashion at the show of the Laurel Garden A. C.

Jack Demave, of Hoboken, is seeking a place among the top-notchers in the light-heavyweight ranks.

Billy White, of Jersey City, has recuperated from his illness and will be seeen in action shortly. Billy has been in great demand by the promoters, and the fans will welcome his return, as he is the most popular lightweight in Hudson County.

Karl Masen, who hails from Sweden, is now making his home in Newark, N. J. Masen is the light heavyweight champion of Sweden and Belgium. He has fought 70 battles and has never been knocked off his feet. Masen made a hit when he fought a sensational battle at the Laurel Garden A. C. last month. Masen would like to get a crack at some of the light heavyweights who are dodging him. Masen is being handled by an old time fighter in the old Frawley days, McCloskey, whose real name is Polk. Polk and Palumbo are looking after the affairs of Masen and are located at 89 Pacific Street, Newark.

Ad Stone, the Fighting Marine of Paterson, who has engaged in 32 bouts and has scored 20 knockouts, has been matched to meet Charlie Winert, of Newark, at the Laurel Garden A. C., Newark, on April 17. In the semi-final Karl Hansen will meet a suitable opponent.

Frankie Ryan, the sensational hard hitting welterweight of Jersey City, sure did make the fans sit up and take notice when he staged a successful comeback recently at West Hoboken. He trounced Lew Seltzer, of Newark, in a 10 round contest that was replete with action from gong to gong. Ryan landed solid right handers and left hooks often which shook Seltzer up considerably. It looked as if Ryan would score a knockout in the first round but Seltzer weathered the storm.

Harry Richmond, well known sportsman of Hagueville, who has until recently been promoting basketball games, has branched forth as a fight manager.

Harry claims that he has discovered a champion in the makings. His protege is none other than Tiger Yishok, a former inhabitant of Constantinople. To his friends Yishok is known as the "Walloping Turk." He will soon make his initial appearance against a worthy opponent at local club.

Tommy Kid Murphy, son of "Kid" Murphy who lost the 105-pound title to Johnny Coulon, won a sensational ten round bout over Sammy Seiger at Trenton, N. J., according to newspaper men at the ringside. It was a great fight and had the fans on edge through the ten rounds.

CAROLINA BOXING GOSSIP

By Charlie Smith

The Carolinas have beeen quiet of late, due to the fact that the reformers got busy and put a stop to boxing in some sections. Wilmington stages a show now and then, but the purses are so small that good boys do not care to box there.

On March 15, Spartanburg, S. C., took a peep at Little Lukie Tenner, Southern featherweight champion. Tenner boxed their local idol, Kid Crosby. The bout was scheduled for ten rounds, but did no tlast but a little over two, in which time Tenner floored Crosby six times before he remained down for the full count. Tenner made a sensational hit there. He displayed plenty of class and his gentlemanly tactics were featured in the local papers. Spartanburg wants to see more of this sterling little fighter.

Crayton Rowe, Charlotte's junior lightweight, who has been on the sidelines for some time in a hospital, is now well again and is training for fights that are being lined up for him. Rowe is a high school boy and is doing well for the short time he has been boxing.

On March 18, Tenner journeyed over with the writer to Savannah, where he met Dick Leonard of the same city in a scheduled 15 round contest. The fight waxed hot for seven rounds, with Tenner leading, and in the eighth Tenner sent over one of the prettiest and shortest right hand punches that the writer has had the pleasure of witnessing, sending Dick Leonard into the land of slumber. The referee forgot just what a second was and fully twenty seconds elapsed before he counted ten, but Leonard was still peacefully sleeping. The punch did not travel over six inches and was a clean one punch knockout.

Tenner has decided to make his home in Savannah again, as the fans have gone wild about him. They have now seen him in action four times, but they want to see more of him.

Davy Eddleman has also left Charlotte and is now in the same camp with Tenner, where under his tutelage he is fast developing. There is no doubt that he will soon be heard from.

Al McClure and Joe McGee staged a burlesque boxing bout that was a scream from the start to the finish. The writer guarantees that anybody that has the blues and sees those two boys in their funny little stunts will forget their troubles. Champion Jack Dempsey, who had the pleasure recently of seeing those two boys show their stuff, said that they were the funniest things that he ever saw in the squared circle.

COLUMBUS, GA., BOXING NOTES

By Phillip White

One of the most sensational bouts witnessed here was the one between Red Herring and Dillon, last month. Both sides claimed a victory in the battle and the bout is still the talk of the boxing fans here. A return match would pack them in at any of the local clubs. At the end of the tenth round they kept on fighting and had to be pulled apart by Referee Evans.

Chairman McMullen, of the Legion, has announced that the outdoor boxing season will be officially opened here with a card featuring Red Herring and Harry Masen, lightweight champ of Europe.

By the way, Columbus is brimful of fistic talent right now. The list is headed by "Boots" Antley, featherweight, who has won his last ten starts. His latest victory was a 10 round

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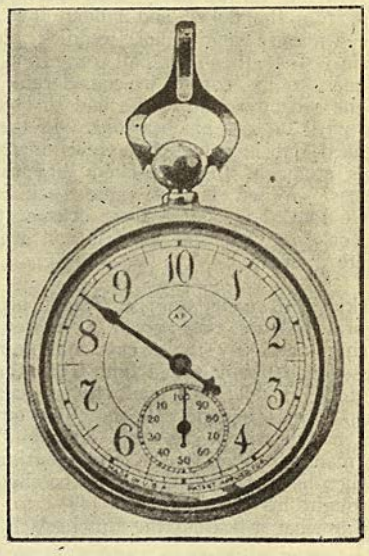

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decision over Freddie Boorde, who holds a draw decision with young Stribling. Antley is a coming youngster.

Next in line comes Dick White, sensational 1-year-old lightweight, whom local newspapers hail a second Stribling. This boy in his second fight fought Boots Antley a draw, and Antley is in his third year of fighting. Besides his draw, he fought other fights, getting K.O.'s in two.

Next we have Tanks Grantham, welter, and Chief Octalvars, light, who are promising battlers of Uncle Sam's forces at Fort Benning.

These four boys are the cream of the talent in Columbus and every one predicts a bright future for them.

TORONTO NOTES

By Jack Jarvis

Jack Reddick, the Canadian middleweight champion, sent Wild Bert Kenny to the "Land of Nod" in the fifth round of a ten round main bout here on March 11. Kenny would probably have had his "forty winks" in the second round only for catching Reddick with a heavy low punch in the first round just before the bell rang.

The battle commenced with the "Western Iceberg" draping Kenny around every rope in the ring, plastering the wild fellow with unhealthy smashes to the chin. Just as the crowd was preparing for an early exit, Bert "picked one up from the floor" and landed low. The referee warned Kenny, but Reddick did not complain. Just then the bell rang and Jack came back to his corner in considerable pain. From the second round on he had to box cautiously until he got his bearings. In the fifth he stepped out and landed a few smashes to Kenny's stomach, then knocked him through the ropes. When Kenny came back in the ring, the local boy shot a bone crusher to the New Yorker's jaw, and he fell and was out for quite a while.

Frankie Bull gave George Fifield probably the worst beating ever given a fighter in a local ring, and only the exceptional gameness of the suburban boy saved him from the referee's toll. Fifield was unlucky at catching Frankie in his very best form. The outcome of this match was a case of "biter bit." Fifield's manager thought he was putting one over when he suggested a fight at catchweights and brought his protege in at 149½ to Bull's 140. But what a beating the Butcher's Son received!

Donnie Mack had to postpone his match with Bobby Eber on account of sickness. Matches in Montreal, Buffalo and Syracuse were also called off. Mack will probably be on the shelf for a couple of weeks before he resumes training. Joe Geller took Donnie Mack's place against Bobby Eber and gave the Hamilton boy quite a tussle and the toughest fight he has had for many a day. Eber was returned the winner in a mighty close fight. If Geller had been in a little better condition, the verdict might have been reversed. Geller will be welcomed back at any time.

Frankie Bull boxed Floyd Hypert in Buffalo. Hypert gave Bull a good argument for three rounds, but after this the Canadian used his opponent like a sparring partner. When the "draw" decision was announced, there was a holler, and as "The Courier" would say, the "Boo" boys swung into action.

Jimmy Britt outpointed Alec Burlie in a good, hard battle. Britt was undoubtedly the winner, and there was no reason for the small demonstration from Burlie's friends.

Howard Mayberry punched too hard for Jimmy Sharron, who was short on condition. Mayberry won in the third.

Leo Kid Roy gave Benny Gould the beating of his young life in their match for the Canadian championship. Roy won every round and Benny never had a chance. He took plenty of Roy's hard punches and although knocked down a couple of times, he did not take a count. One thing sure, Benny's heart was in the right place, for he sure was game.

Jack Reddick is carded to meet one of the best middleweights in the game, when he tackles Ted Moore, the redoubtable English fighter. If Jack can get by the Britisher, he will go after a shot at Harry Greb.

Christ Newton keeps up his winning streak. He went to Detroit recently and won two bouts in one week. When Newton is right he can give the best of them a battle, at his weight.

Johnny Buff was victimized at Hamilton in a recent bout with Johnny Lear, a local preliminary boy. The ex-champion was an easy winner and Lear had no right in the same ring with Buff. Decisions rendered as on this occasion do more harm to the game than a "frame up" fight. Buff knocked Lear down twice for counts of nine in the ninth round, and in the tenth Lear was holding on throughout the round, yet the judges said Lear wins. Then the crowd answered, "Li Kelly he does." Only three weeks ago, Jimmy Britt of Montreal, knocked the Hamilton youth out in three rounds.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By Eddie McFarland

Pete Husic, the Pole, fell in line with the rest of Tommy Murphy's victims. He was beaten recently at the Sportsmen Club of Perth Amboy.

Two weeks previous to his battle with Murphy, Pete had stopped Charlie Ryder, and was expected to give Tommy a hard tussle, but the bout was merely a workout for Tommy, Husic failing to land a half dozen blows.

Tommy Noble, of England, drew with Young Brown, formerly of the Pacific Coast but now of Trenton, in a hard fought contest. Brown staged a sensational rally in the final frame that placed him on even terms with the Britisher, but up to this round Noble appeared to have the better of the go. Had Brown staged his rally in an earlier round, he might have won, as the bell rang with the Englishman on the verge of a knockout.

The Sacred Heart A. A., a local athletic club, connected with the Sacred Heart Church, gave an athletic festival, featured by two basketball games and four exhibition bouts. Johnny Faraday and Tommy Murphy provided an attraction in one of these bouts, and in the others Jack McLean and Jack Salters boxed four rounds, Helden Holman and Johnny Hines went the same distance.

In a bout advertised as an exhibition but in reality a war, Pinky Higgins forced Mickey Sharon to quit in the third round.

All connected with the festival rendered their services gratis, and the proceeds were turned over to a fund for starving children of Germany.

Johnny Buff, veteran flyweight and ex-champion, made his return appearance in this city a good one by winning over Emil Paluso in ten slashing rounds. Although beaten, Paluso gave a good account of himself and lost none of his popularity.

Joe Kid Emmons, the tigerish two-fisted battler, is out with a challenge to the leading one hundred forty pounders. In his last fight here, Joe won over Mike O'Dowd, the Bristol bearcat.

Johnny Brennan still manages to go through the flyweight ranks undaunted. Brennan's lat-

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est victim by the sleep route was Johnny Grey of Rahway. Brennan is a promising lad and if taken care of should attain great heights in the profession.

John B. Haywood, once an actor of great prominence, has taken a fling at the boxing game in the role of a fight manager. Jack has several good boys under his charge.

TERRE HAUTE GOSSIP

By Square Deal Harry Ain

On February 18 Bud Taylor, coming bantam champion and idol of Hoosier boxing fans, gave Sammy Nable of the East Side, an artistic lacing in their second encounter at Steve Harter's club in Indianapolis. Taylor knocked Nable to the rosin twice, once in the first and then again in the sixth. This is the second time Nable was beaten by Taylor.

After undergoing an operation on his nose, Eddie Dyer, popular featherweight who hails from Terre Haute, fought Merle Alte of Indianapolis to a draw in eight rounds on March 5. Both boys brought the house to their feet by slugging toe to toe.

In the main go, Roy Wallace, Indianapolis middleweight, outpointed Joe Packo of Toledo in a ten round boxing contest. Wallace dropper Packo for a count of nine in the third and shook him up several times thereafter.

Louis Lavell and Ray Hahn, Indianapolis, fought a slashing ten round draw and were re-matched immediately after the show. The men are lightweights and the Lavell boy, who hails from Anderson, Ind., is always sure to please on any card.

Happy Atherton, Indianapolis flyweight, outpointed Mickey Cone of Kokomo in an eight round contest, and Jimmy Anderson, Chicago welterweight, had the best of an argument with Bobby Bridges of Indianapolis in the eight round opener.

Danny Cohen, former welterweight champion of the Army, who used to fight out of Fort Benjamin Harrison, is out of the service and is looking for opponents. Danny Cohen is a clean-cut young man and a credit to the game. He should go high in pugilistic circles with the proper handling.

One of the most sensational bouts ever staged around these parts was a ten round affair between Joe Cooper of West York, Ill., and Jackie Barnhart of Terre Houte, at the Hoosier Sporting Club, in Terre Haute, Ind. The men are lightweights and keen rivalry existed between them. Barnhardt went down for a count of nine in the second round, and was saved again by the bell in the sixth. Cooper won the bout.

The semi-final brought together Maxie Epstein of Indianapolis and Dicky Osborne of Shelbyville. The battle was nip and tuck with Epstein earning a clear decision at the end of eight rounds. Battling Field of the U. S. Army fought Eddie Butler of Indianapolis to a draw and Young Sunbeam beat Battling Budd, both of Terre Haute, in the eye-opener.

Over 100 Terre Haute fans traveled to Milwaukee to see the local pride, Bud Taylor, beat Pancho Villa.

George Grammel, Terre Haute promoter and manager of Ward Kid Sparks, announces that his charge is ready to meet now any 122-pounder in the business, Eddie O'Dowd or Herbie Schaffer of Chicago preferred.

Bud Perril, who was to have been matched with Joe Cooper for a bout at the Hoosier Sporting Club, ducked out of the agreement at the last minute, the promoters losing plenty of money by his actions.

Solly Rosenberg, local featherweight, who was to have met Ward Kid Sparks at the local club, also left for Zanesville, Ohio, for reasons unknown.

Joe Cooper fought Jackie Barnhardt recently a return bout at Lafayette, Indiana. At the end of ten fast rounds the bout ended in a draw. Jimmy McDermott of Terre Haute K.O.'d Shifty Lewis of Terre Haute in the fourth stanza.

Mickey O'Brien, better known as Joe Fishman, former interscholastic state featherweight champion and now attending the U. of Illinois, had to cancel his bout with Young Sunbeam on account of a broken nose sustained while in training. Reports are that he is again in good shape and is slated to appear on the next card promoted by George Grammel. Fishman was former captain of Wiley High Boxing team and it was through his efforts that Terre Haute captured the high honors in the state tourney last year.

In a boxing show that showed to a capacity house on St. Patrick's Day, at the Hoosier Athletic Club, Joe Cooper of West York, gave Louis Lavell of Anderson, a neat trimming in ten rounds. The fight was one of the best ever staged by George Grammel.

Jackie Barnheardt, local lightweight, K.O.'d Jimmy Smith of Bicknell, in the sixth round. In the semi-final, Young Sunbeam of Terre Haute, beat Tommy McNichol of Marshall, Ill. Jimmy McDermott fought Bunny Taylor, both featherweights of Terre Haute, a draw, and Young Gary, local flyweight, put up a sensational bout with Eddie Gamble of Clinton, which ended in a four-round draw.

When Terre Haute fans rubbed their eyes on March 22, they had to look more than once to really believe that Abe Goldstein snatched the title from Joe Lynch. A ton of money was laid on Lynch at odds anywhere from 2 to 1 to 5 to 2, that Lynch would cop, and even money that Goldstein would not be there at the final bell. The fans are wondering what effect the change of laurels will have on the chances of Bud Taylor. We believe it is more of a blow to Bud, for we think it will be many many moons before Abe will care to mingle with Bud.

In a dandy show held on March 20, at Fort Wayne, Ray Hahn of Indianapolis, received the newspaper decision over Tommy Bunch of Fort Wayne, in a ten-round no-decision bout that brought the fans to their feet time and time again. The men are lightweights. Reamer Roberts of Indianapolis, had the edge over Roy Riley of San Francisco, and Nick Ellenwood of Fort Wayne, bested Perry McPheron of Lima, Ohio.

George Grammel has secured Paul Mathea of Detroit, to meet Joe Cooper of Terre Haute, March 31.

OHIO BOXING NEWS

By George Levecque

The clean cut knockout victory of Sammy Sandow over Merle Alte, of Indianapolis, at Greater Cincinnati, on March 11, was the crowning feature of the various boxing shows held throughout Ohio during the past week or two. Terrific body blows and excellent ring generalship won for Sandow, who appears to be as good, if not better, than at any time during his eight years at the game.

Sandow is now talked of as an opponent for Abe Goldstein, bantam champ, and this match may be made at Cincinnati soon. Sandow says he is anxious to meet the champion and is confident that he can beat Eddie Mead's star battler. Such a contest would attract a whopper crowd at Cincinnati.

Jock Malone keeps up his winning streak through Ohio. His victory over Jack Stone in this city, recently, shows that the clever St. Paul middleweight is having no trouble with his frail hands that have in the past bothered him a lot. Malone declares that he is anxious to win the middleweight crown and proposes to keep himself in the best of shape. He says he is particularly anxious to again try conclusions with Anthony Downey in Columbus. Their now famous battle of last summer was one of the best ever seen here and is still talked of by boxing patrons.

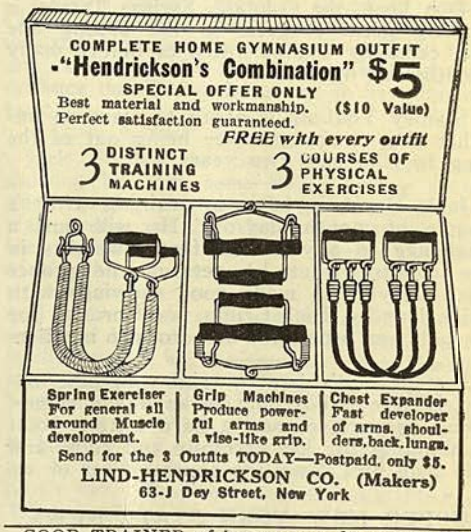
Eddie McDonald, the Kentucky Cave Man, added another knockout victory to his credit when, on March 11, at Covington, Ky., he stopped Sailor Thompson in the second round of a scheduled 10-round affair. This makes four straight knockouts for McDonald. He beat Red Faulkner in 5, Al Huston in 3, Chuck Brown in 2, and Sailor Thompson in 2. McDonald is rated a hard man for any heavyweight to beat although not quite ready for fast company.

Eddie O'Dowd, the local bantamweight boxer, since his victory over Bud Taylor, has had many lucrative offers for matches with the leaders of his division. There is talk of a match between O'Dowd and Sammy Sandow. Eddie is a sweet little boxer and well liked here. Sandow hails from Cincinnati and is regarded there as a top notcher.

Anthony Downey, Cincinnati middleweight star, who has been taking a two months' vacation in Florida with his father, Pop Downey, is expected back home late in March and he will be ready for action in the ring about the middle of April.

Charlie Glaser, Chicago featherweight, who has placed himself under the management of Biddy Bishop for the next year, made a big hit for himself at Cincinnati when he knocked out Midget Guery, of Latonia, Ky., who was thought to be a coming champion. Guery's chief second threw in the towel in the seventh round. Glaser will be matched with some of the best boxers of his class around Ohio this summer.

K. O. Mars, the crack Cincinnati junior lightweight, who has been rusticating with Babe Ruth and other notables at Hot Springs, Ark., is back to his Cincinnati home and has started training for matches. Mars is about the smartest of the middleweight boxers and



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is always in shape and ready at a moment's notice to meet the best, but the best seem none too anxious. Mars may soon be matched to meet Jack Zivic at Pittsburgh. He recently took the judges decision over Zivic in this city.

MOUNTAIN STATES NOTES

By Sam Buxbaum

Bud Hamilton is back home in Denver after a successful trip to the Pacific Coast. He will be laid up with an injured right hand for about four weeks more, then he will get busy with several bouts that are waiting for him to accept.

Eddie Mack, hailed as the featherweight champion of the Southwest, is one of the best looking prospects on the pugilistic horizon today. He has thirty odd starts and has yet to meet his first defeat.

Tommy Commiskey, Denver middleweight, is resting up for awhile. He will start training in the near future and hopes to line up bouts with some of the best boys his weight.

Lester Joint has about the largest and classiest stable of boxers in this section of the country. Everyone a crowd pleaser. Under his wing he has, Eddie Bohn, 175 lbs.. Jake Spahn, 147 lbs.; Clyde Dodds, 145 lbs.; Cyclone Kreiger, 126 lbs.; Billie Papke and Billie Fisher, 130 lbs.; Eddie Mumma and Bob Allen, 108 lbs., and Freddie Albin, 115 lbs.

Tony Turrelli has a sure enough comer in the lightweight class in Bobby Moore. Moore has had 26 professional bouts and has yet to be defeated. He has had 8 wins, 4 draws, 14 kayoes to his credit.

Bernie Mack is another lightweight that looks like a comer. Boxing a little over a year he has made a creditable showing in every bout.

Willie Hope, who made quite a hit in the four-round game on the Coast, is back in Denver and may get a crack at Pinkey Mitchell at Colorado Springs, some time in April.

Eddie Mack, featherweight Champion of the southwest will devote all his time to the boxing game when he finishes school in May. He is one of the best prospects turned out of the Rocky Mountain region in many a year.

Don Long, the Colorado Springs Terror, is making great progress in the boxing line and certainly will be heard of before many months roll by.

Stanley Yoakum is about to start on another ring campaign after being out of the ring for the past two years.

Jack Doyle is back in training after a couple of months lay-off. He will hurl a challenge to any of the featherweights in the country when he gets in the proper trim. Doyle has made good showings with Mike Dundee, Dick Griffin, Joe Gorman, Joe Leopold and others too numerous to mention.

Lester Joint's bantamweight, Freddie Albin is sure a boy that looks like a comer, being very clever and a hard hitter. Joint is handling the kid carefully and right and will hold him down for another year or so.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE NEWS

By Len Carlson

K. O. Johnny Michaels of Jamestown, won the decision over Battling Barry in six rounds of an all-star show recently, at Syracuse.

At Beaver Falls, Pa., recently, Al Corbett of Cleveland, won the judges' decision over K. O. Johnny Michaels in the 10-round main event before the Nonpareil Athletic Club, of which John Hammer is matchmaker.

At Youngstown, Ohio, last month, Bert Schneider, former Olympic Champion, and K. O. Yutzy of Meyersdale, Pa., went through eight slashing rounds in a no decision contest. Schneider and Yutzy crowded more action into their bout than all the other bouts on the program combined.

Chief Halftown, Seneca Indian glove warrior, and Harry Simmons of Chicago, fought twelve hard rounds to a draw in Springfield, Ohio.

Augie Carlson lost the decision to Benny Ross in Buffalo, in a six-round bout recently. Carlson and Ross fought like wildcats and had the ten thousand spectators rooting for these willing boys as they mixed it from bell to bell.

K. O. Johnny Michaels won the decision over Eddie Wimler in ten slashing rounds in the first main go of a show staged by the Corry Athletic Club in Corry, Pa., on March 11. Michaels and Wimler fought from bell to bell and greatly pleased the fans that crowded the armory.

MICHIGAN BOXING NEWS

By Ben L. Pollinger

Jack Renault, Canadian heavyweight champion, won the verdict over Bob Roper, in ten rounds, at Grand Rapids, March 21. It was one of the cleanest fights seen in a Michigan ring in a long while.

Roper was sent to the canvas in the third when Renault landed two smashes to the jaw. Roper at the outset was the aggressor, but as the bout progressed he abandoned this plan.

In the semi-final, Abie Thompson earned the verdict over Stanley Smith of Chicago. The former had his man on the verge of a knockout at one stage of the proceedings.

In one of the best heavyweight bouts seen in a Detroit ring, Jack Burke of Pittsburgh, defeated Joe Burke, of Detroit, ten rounds, at the recent Elk's show.

It was a slam-bang affair with both men throwing science to the winds. Joe was down three times but refused to take a count.

Jackie Nichols fouled Clarence Rosen, of Bay City, in the first of their scheduled ten-round go, the main attraction of the Avenue A. C. show at Danceland. The battle had only gone one minute.

In the semi-final, Frankie Ash, English flyweight champion, trounced Johnny Lear, Canadian title holder. The Englishman was too clever for Lear. In the second round Ash nearly sent Lear to the resin when he landed three hard blows to the face, but the Canadian boy weathered the storm.

Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion, was a visitor in Benton Harbor, scene of his fight with the late Billy Miske. He was the guest of Promoter Floyd Fitzsimmons.

Johnny Mellow, of Detroit, easily defeated Steve Dempsey in the main bout of the Fairview A. C. show. Mellow outclassed Dempsey who has done little fighting for the past two months. Mellow is a favorite with the Detroit fans and his victory should get him some matches with the best boys in the lightweight class.

Kid Buck, of Battle Creek, added another victory to his long list when he defeated Kid Jap, of Detroit. It was a close battle all the way with both boys battling on even terms.

Franklin Young, youthful negro amateur lightweight, will soon turn pro. Young made a fine record chasing medals, beating some of the best boys in the division. With a good manager to guide him he should battle his way to the top rung in due time.

Bob Sage, Detroit middleweight, was given a setback in New Orleans last month, when Anthony Marullo put him away in the ninth of a ten-round bout. Tommy Walsh, manager of the Detroit lawyer-fighter, threw in the towel when it was apparent that his man could not continue. Marullo from the first to the abrupt finish was the better man, landing the cleaner and harder blows. It was brute strength against skill and the former won out. Sage fractured his hand during the mill.

In a short battle between two towering heavyweights, Soldier King, of Grand Rapids, knocked out Sailor Gangnon, of Kalamazoo, in the first round at the Celery City.

In the semi-final Billy Rhodes beat Leslie Cook. It was a fine bout that pleased the fans who were disappointed by the main go. Rhodes' punches when landed had telling effect on Cook who had a good defense in all stages of the bout.

Sid Barbarian returned from the Pacific Coast March 13, after making a fine showing. He fought a draw with Joe Salvatore, considered a good boy. In Portland he defeated Carmen in a fast bout. Sid was given a rousing welcome. His manager, Sammy Pearlstein, is trying to get a match in the east for his boy.

Detroit fans were somewhat shocked when the news reached Detroit that Joe Lynch lost his title to Abe Goldstein. Lynch was a great favorite in this state, having shown here on several occasions.

SOUTH ATLANTIC NOTES

Jimmy Finley, welterweight champion of the South, failed to get off for his Eastern invasion set for the latter part of last month. When the Southern promoters were informed that the popular Jimmy was to leave, they all got busy and offered Finley so many bouts that he thought it advisable to linger longer.

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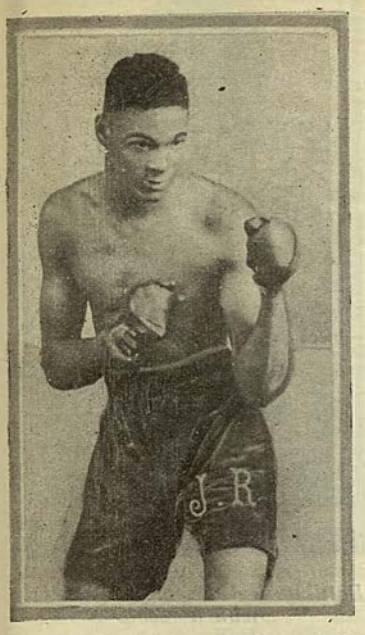
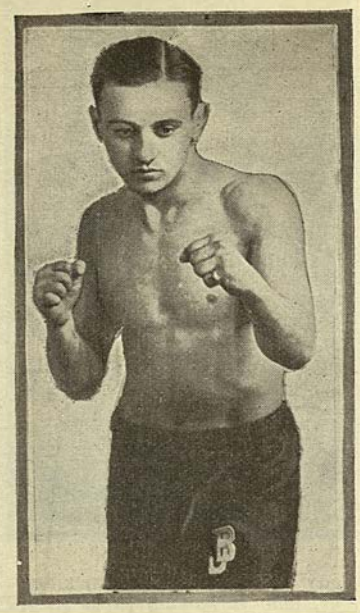


Vose Ramos, the featherweight, who after a brilliant series of victories in Peru, has returned to Panama

Jose Lombardi, featherweight champion of the Canal Zone, who is tentatively matched for the title against Johnny Dundee



Buck Josephs, who has joined the stable of Johnn yKeyes, "Mayor of Chinatown," who just came back from California

Al Liebowitz, Brooklyn flyweight, who recently knocked out Jackie Feldman

Duke Barry, manager of Jimmy Finley, will take a fling at the wrestling game while his ace is busy filling engagements. Wladek Zbyszko, who is in Florida, has been signed up by the veteran manager to meet Rolando, of New York City, at Jacksonville.

Harold Walsh, of Barberton, Ohio, who guides the reins over Norm Genet, the Iron Man of Akron, comes out with a poster on his battler that does injury to two boxers. Walsh has the record of Genet on the circular and in two instances states that Genet defeated Jimmy Finley and Jack Middleton. This is incorrect, as both these boys received the referee's decision. Stick to the facts, Harold.

Kid Williams, a hard socking welterweight of Palm Beach, Fla., easily defeated Young Ketchell, of Louisville, in Williams' home town. Williams claims the junior welter title of Florida and the crown sets nobly on his blond dome.

Rough House Ross, high diver extraordinary and Chief Canvas Inspector of the South, was prevented from high diving at Stamford, Fla. "Not So Rough" was scheduled to mingle with Jack Middleton, but the little town folks wanted no part of Ross.

Tim O'Dowd, of Atlanta, and Tony Valdez, Cuban bantam king, boxed ten torrid rounds to a draw, at Tampa, recently. O'Dowd, who is a legitimate featherweight, is traveling along nicely at present.

Lukie Tenner, featherweight champion of the South, will probably meet Tim O'Dowd at Savannah, Ga. And the Cuban champion, Valdez, at Tampa, shortly. Tenner recently knocked out Dick Leonard, who laid claims of being the junior lightweight champion of Dixie. The bout took place at Savannah.

Wilmington, N. C., is one of the few towns that have a well organized boxing commission. They stage some excellent bouts and as a result of the commission's activities all the contests are above the ordinary.

Billy Lotz, the popular Atlanta, Ga., manager, is keeping his stable of maulers very active. Freddy Broode, the featherweight of the outfit, keeps Lotz busy accepting or refusing offers.

Jimmy Finley, Southern champion, and Young Jack Dillon, of Louisville, are scheduled to mingle at Fort Benning, Ga., at an early date. This bout has been sought by a number of promoters, but it goes to Benning for the soldiers—as they offered the top price.

Jack Middleton, the Florida light heavy, bewails the fact that he is inactive. Jack informs us that he has engaged in over a hundred bouts and lost but four verdicts. Middleton craves action with Sailor Owens of Savannah.

Hugh Martin is arranging a stellar boxing program for the Police Field Day at Columbus, Ga. Oh, yes, Columbus always had hoxing, even before the fans read about the city through the efforts of Stribling and McTigue.

Dave Evans, the Birmingham A. C. matchmaker, continues to give weekly shows. Evans is bringing out plenty of local talent, something that will do the game a world of good in the Alabama city.

Billy Haack, the Memphis, Tenn., promoter, is always on the alert for stellar attractions. Billy, who is one of the best liked and most popular promoters in Dixie, has no trouble in securing high class attractions. Haack has had Champion Jack Dempsey at his club and is now featuring Tommy Gibbons of St. Paul.

Tommy Freeman, of New Orleans, is to mingle at Tampa, Fla., with Ponce de Leon, the Cuban welter, who recently lost his crown to Jimmy Finley. Freeman is a likely looking youngster and can battle just as good as he looks.

Jacksonville, Fla., has been off the boxing game so long that it will take a couple of months to get the natives accustomed to what a boxing love looks like.

Ol' Doc Evans, the promoter at Knoxville, had to slow up on his shows as the reformers would not permit him to bring in really capable boxers. Yet, they will stand for novices who are more than likely to be injured. 'Tis a funny world.

The soldiers confined at the National Sanatorium at Johnson City, Tenn., are missing their fistic treats recently. "Casey" Hanagan, the popular K. of C. official, is in Cuba on his regular annual vacation. "Casey" broadcasts that he is breaking the lifting record. Lifting what, "Casey"?

Walk Miller popular Atlanta promoter and manager, is certainly keeping his "jig" battler, Tiger Flowers, busy. Miller breaks into the big town, New York City, this month with Flowers, and then the fans will get the opportunity to see a faster man than Harry Greb in action.

BOXING BITS FROM THE SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

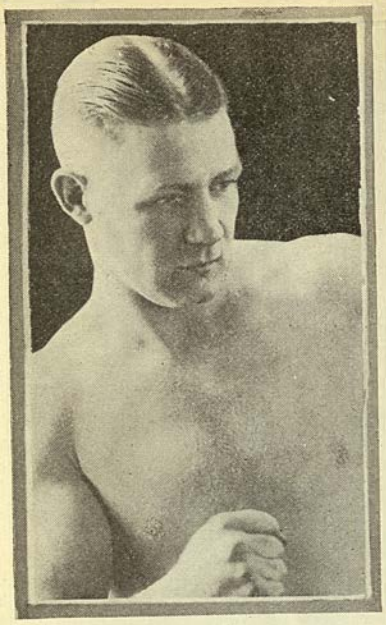
By Don Cee

As we stated in this column last month, boxing in Texas and along the Mexican border continues to grow better and better. New clubs springing up almost weekly in the various towns and cities, which goes to show that boxing is boxing for a' that, despite the fact the game is not yet legalized in the Lone Star State.

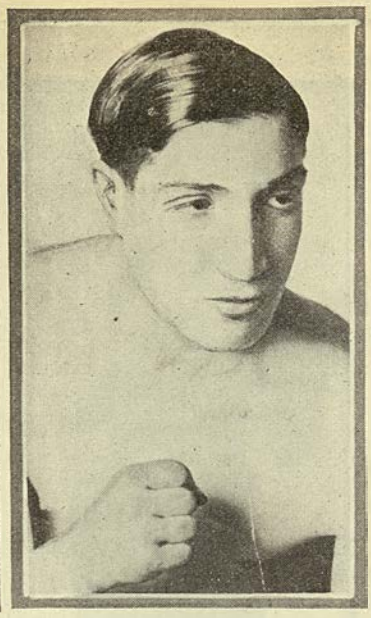
When a boxing show is staged in Texas City, Texas, hosts of fans from both Galveston and Houston, Texas, troop over by auto and rail to see the fights. That is conclusive evidence that Texas fans want to have boxing back.

Jack Shelton, of San Antonio, has been showing his fans some stellar boxing shows since opening the new B. M. A. C. Market Hall Arena, and the Alamo City patrons have been enjoying good matches. Shelton's method of shooting square with all pertaining to the sport is finding great favor among the many well known fighters passing through the Southwest and boxers who deal with him directly. Shelton runs a big boxing show every Tuesday night and has been bringing his main event boys from all over the country, even from New York and the West Coast. As yet this year he has not run a losing show, which will lead one to believe that he is putting on what the people like. Keep up the good work, Shelton! We are all for you! Keep things humming!

Probably the most talked of, best drawing card and best fighter (emphasis on the FIGHTER) in the Southwest today, is Tom White, of Texas City, Texas, who works out of San Antonio, Texas, under the direction of Don Curley, Indiana's ex-premier lightweight pug, who is now devoting his entire time to directing the affairs of the greatest array of good Mexican fighters ever gathered together.

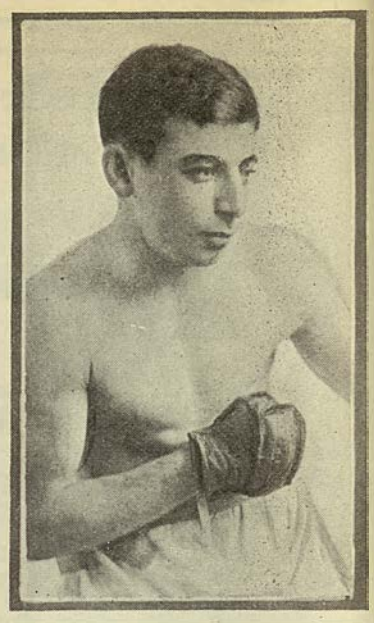


Ted Jameison, the Milwaukee heavyweight, who is in New York Joey Hicks, formerly Allentown

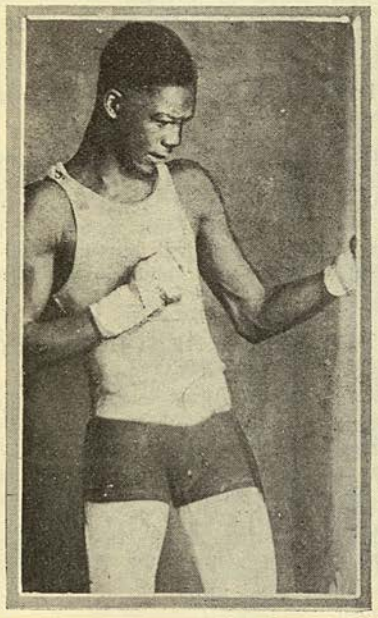


Tony Vaccerrelli, the former amateur, who is making rapid strides in the pro ranks

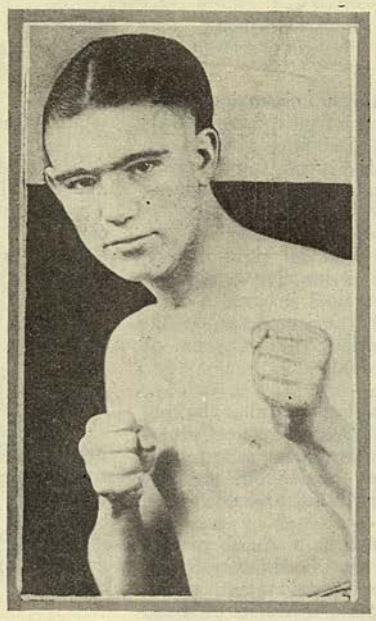
***Joe Souza,** a brother of Babe Herman, who is a good featherweight*



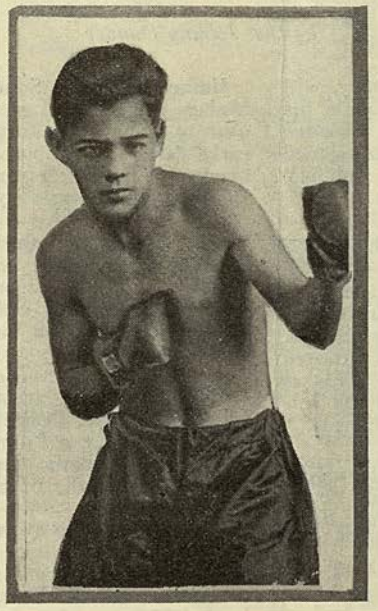
***Battling Kid** Dugan, a flyweight **with** a record*



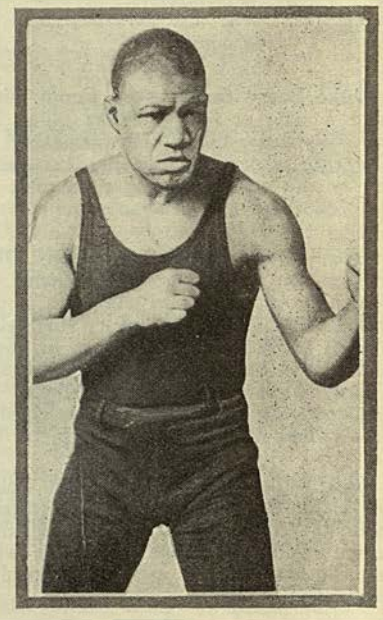
Kid Wild, junior featherweight champion of the Orente



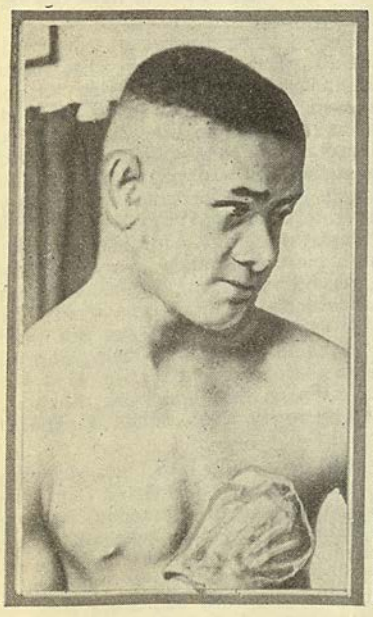
Peter Mack, the classy Jersey City bantamweight



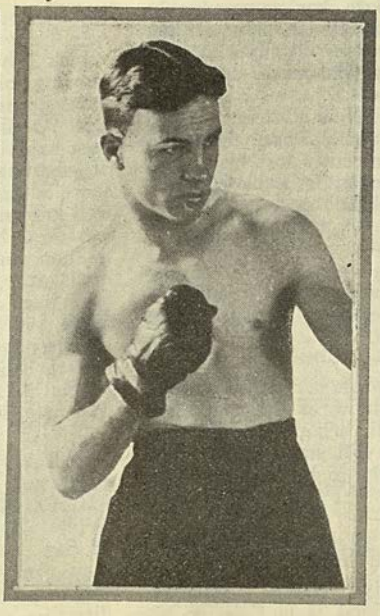
Midget Toneta, popular sixteen-year boxer, who is a great card at Panama



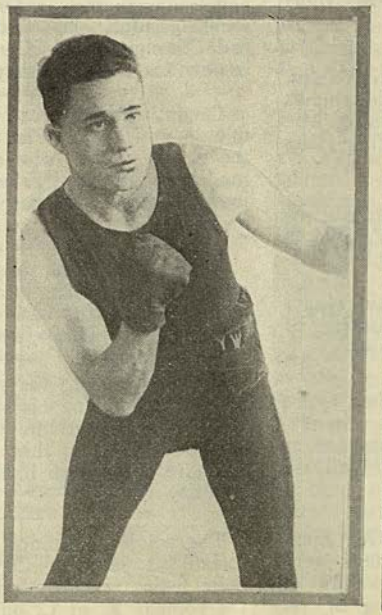
***Lee Anderson** of Boston who holds a knock-out victory over Kid Norfolk*



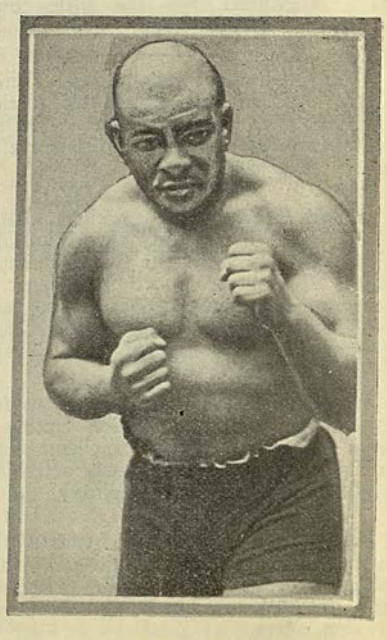
Joe Gans, who recently beat Frank Moody Wales



Pascall Colletti, the New Orleans bantamweight, who has compiled a good record



Babe Willard, crack flyweight, who hails from Providence, Rhode Island



George Godfrey, Philadelphia heavyweight

Tom White, the lightweight champion of the Republic of Mexico, is the star performer of the Curley stable. Tommy is the real thing when it comes to the punch and catch variety of fighting, as his sensational fights against Young Galiana, Bobby Greene, Billy McCann, Jack Willis and Kid Flake will attest. In compiling knockout records, the experts should not overlook that of Tommy White, as he has knocked out thirty-eight opponents out of sixty fights, and as yet White has never been knocked out and seldom ever gets knocked off his pins.

Brooke Stephens (Kid Monte), of San Antonio, is taking in more territory each month and is browsing about the country fighting regularly and winning consistently. His latest battles have been in Baton Rouge, La., Hot Springs, Ark., and Memphis, Tenn. Brooke was matched to fight Tom White at San Antonio, Texas, on March 11, but for some inexplicable reason he could not be located in time for the fight, so Dummy Mahan of Bracketville, Texas, was put on with White, which proved very disastrous for the Dummy, as he was stopped in the sixth of a scheduled ten round bout after taking an unmerciful lacing.

Johnny Greene, brother to the well known "Texas Tornado" Bobby Greene, is back in the gymnasium training for a comeback to the ring after an illness of three months. Johnny started as a welterweight, but is now a full-fledged light heavyweight without an ounce of superfluous weight attached to him. If Johnny follows in the footsteps of his brother Bobby, he will get there, as he has the makings.

Louie Depingre, formerly of Port Arthur and Houston, Texas, but now making his home in San Antonio, has thrown his sombrero back into the boxing ring, not as a boxer, but he intends finding a good boxer to pilot. Louie formerly managed Sailor Onbey, out of Shawnee, Oklahoma, a boy whom Depingre claims never lost a decision or was never knocked out in five years of active boxing. Onbey, it will be remembered, is the boy who knocked out the original Frisco Kid (negro) and the Frisco Kid died in the ring from concussion of the brain suffered when his head struck the mat.

Depingre is back in San Antonio from his ranch and is impatient to sit in the corner behind his own boy, telling him how to use his hooks and jabs. Louis is a former manager of Brooke Stephens (Kid Monte) and should be given a lot of credit for some of the great fights Brooke put up in the past. Good luck, Louie. We wish you well!

Jack Avelone, a hefty, fast stepping middleweight, is keeping busy around the Southwest. Avelone is a brother to Joe Malone, who trained Johnny Dundee for several years past.

Bert Brannon, the hard walloping little junior lightweight of San Antonio, is out of commission with a busted mitt, suffered in his last fight of March 4, with Rabbit Palmer. Brannon has come up rapidly in the past twelve months.

Jack Willis, middleweight, of San Antonio, is back in town again after an extended barnstorming trip into Louisiana, Arkansas and Tennessee, where he won every bout he took part in but one, at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he stacked up against Otis Bryant and was outpointed in ten of the most sensational rounds ever fought in Hot Springs. Bryant's lead at the end of the ten round go was very slim.

Billy McCann blew into San Antonio from out of Arizona, and was immediately matched for a twelve round go against Arizona Joe Rivers. McCann and Rivers fought on March 18 at the Market Hall Arena before a large crowd. The battle was a real slugfest from beginning to end. Rivers was on the receiving end of most of the punches, therefore lost the decision to the mauling Irishman from Cleveland.

Guy Turpin, well known former fight manager and promoter, is back to his home in San Antonio, and glad to get back according to his story, for he has been down into Mexico for several months, around San Luis Potosi, and from there was called to New Orleans on business that kept him from his duties in San Antonio still longer. Turpin is also one of the most talented sport cartoonists in the country and many of the old timers will remember his snappy fight cartoons that have hung on the walls of gymnasiums all over the country and been published in numerous newspapers. Guy is now back into the sign painting business.

Battling Chico, welterweight, now of Monterey, Mexico, formerly of El Paso, Texas, will be matched against the winner of the Tom White-Billy McCann bout in San Antoniofi, Texas, on March 25. Chico will fight the winner on April 1 or 8.

Chuck Burns, middleweight, and Rabbit Palmer, junior lightweight, both high class boys, are kept busy in and around San Antonio. Every so often, Chuck Burns takes a trip to Memphis, Tennessee, for a few fights, then jumps back to San Antonio, usually to fight it out again with his old rival, Jack Willis. Burns and Willis both started fighting about the same time, a couple of years back, as featherweights, and both have fought up through the ranks until now they are middles, and mighty tough ones at that.

Mike Vasquez, the great little Mexican featherweight of El Paso, has been going great guns since his last appearance, last month, in San Antonio. He is now in the Rocky Mountain region and about the middle of March he beat the Rocky Mountain featherweight champ, Braimer. San Antonio fans want to see Mike back, so Promoter Shelton will send out for the little Indian and his manager, Jack Taylor, who accompanies Vasquez wherever he goes.

Benny Cordova dropped in San Antonio on his way out of Mexico, where he had taken part in a couple of fights at Monterrey. He was matched to box Chuck Burns, on the Billy McCann-Tom White card of March 25. He agreed to fight and showed up the next day in the gym, but when he saw Chuck Burns, his prospective opponent, in action, he left the gym without training and took air for parts unknown, and left word for Promoter Shelton that his wife had wired him to come home.

Battling Kuhns, Southern middleweight, is back in San Antonio, looking for work, and will soon be accommodated, as Promoter Jack Shelton will endeavor to secure Glenn Glickner to travel a few rounds against the willing Kuhns.

Kuhns is also wanting fights in Mexico, so will be taken care of by Don Curley in the near future. Battling Kuhns is a tough, willing customer and will do his best against anyone he is put in there with.

Frankie McFarland took off from San Antonio in a Ford touring car for parts unknown in the Republic of Mexico. McFarland left about March 10 and was accompanied by Mr. Sinclair, former manager of the Regis Hotel, in Mexico City, A. E. Chappel, of Mexico City, and Sonny Wallace, a negro boxer. McFarland and Wallace are featherweight boxers.

M. A. Lieberman, formerly of San Antonio, Texas, and Mexico City, Mexico, is now living in Tampico, Mexico, and matchmaking for the American Legion. The American Legion has a large post of World War Veterans in the Oil City of Mexico.

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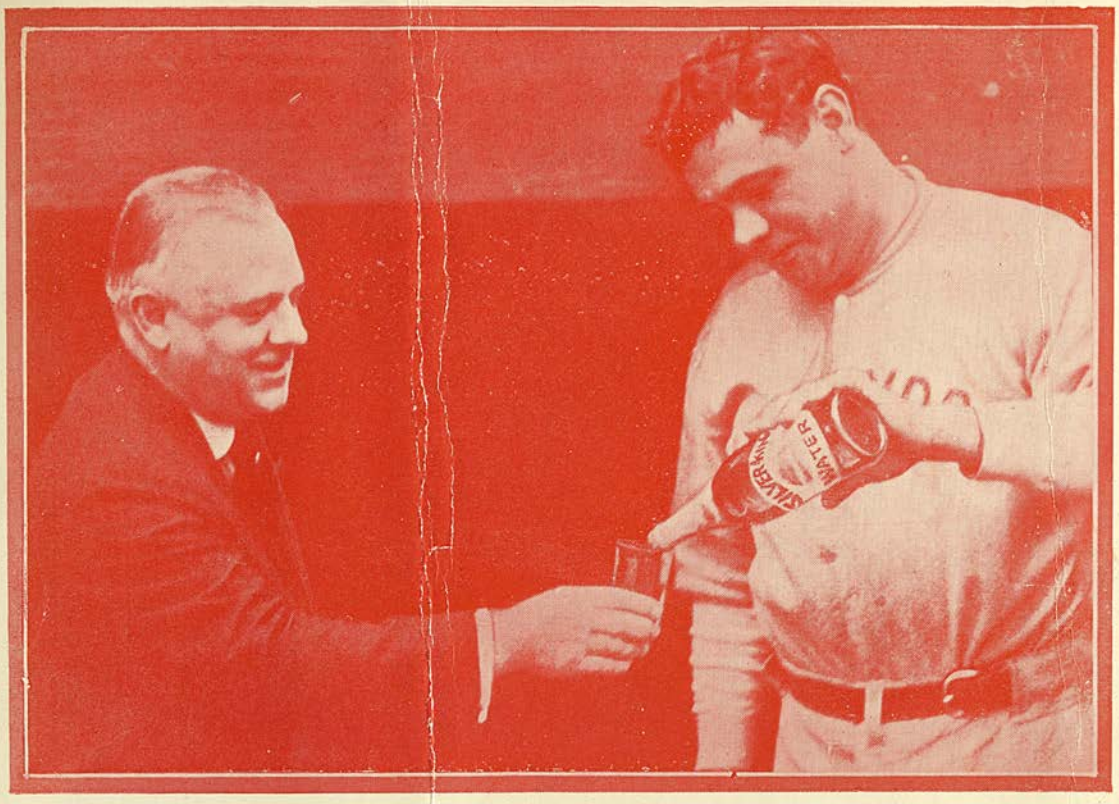

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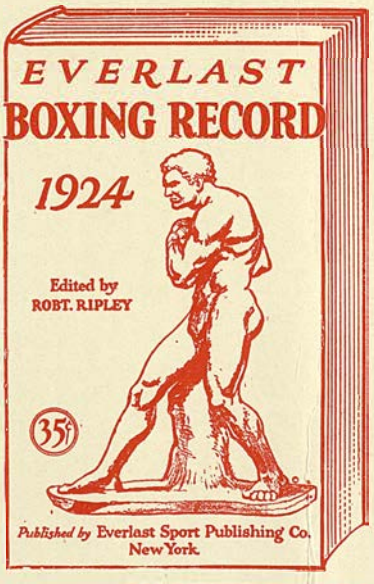

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